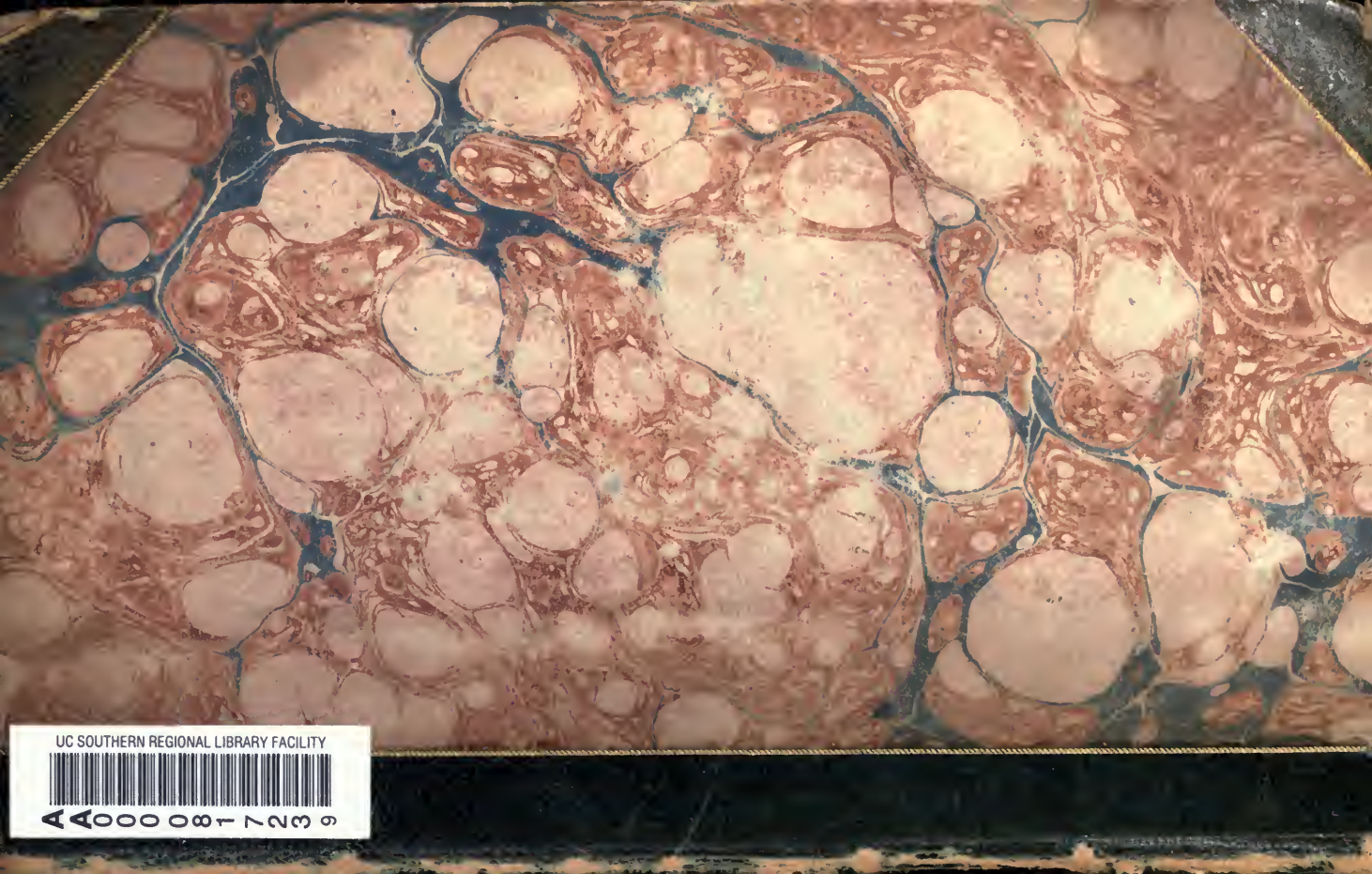
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TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ITALIAN, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, GERMAN, &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

PART SECOND.

Giace, tra l'alto fiume e la palude,
Picciol sentier nell' arenosa riva.

ARIOSTO. 15. 49.

London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;
BY I. GOLD, SHOE-LANE.

1806.

4785
H416m
v.2

ADVERTISEMENT.

Intending to defer the completion of my translations of old Icelandic and Danish poetry, till I shall have had an opportunity of procuring books, which are not to be found in this country, I have been induced to publish two additional parts at the instigation of several persons, who complained, that those already printed might otherwise long remain in an imperfect form. It is intended, that this part with the translations from the German, Danish, &c. (to which may be added the Darthula of Ossian) should form the first volume of Miscellaneous poetry: the additional part of Icelandic translations will complete the second. To any reviewers or individuals I shall be thankful for fair criticisms, which may be of service to me in the prosecution of my undertaking. Many errors I may have inadvertently committed; many sources of infor-

mation I may have overlooked or been unable to attain. But I deprecate an unjust and unfounded attack, which has been made upon a trifling translation by the writers of the last series of the Critical Review, stating that I had made it the vehicle of Jacobinism. If the author of that article had perused the whole of the little volume, upon which he has commented, he would have found that the few lines therein, of a political tendency, express distinctly the strongest detestation of such principles. I believe few men bear a more rooted antipathy, than myself, to the tenets of modern innovators and the form of republican government; that few would be more loth to circulate writings, which might tend to vitiate the mind of their reader. If he had examined the short preface to that volume, he would have found, that the very passage in Blandina and Lenardo, to which he alludes, was reprobated by me; not indeed as Jacobinical, for I think he must be a caviller, who will discover in it expressions of that nature; but as bearing "strong marks of the corrupt

taste of Germany, on which account it should perhaps have been omitted." He would also have learned, that Bürger was indebted for none of the materials of that ballad to Dryden, whose Tancred and Sigismunda was not, as he seems to have imagined, an original tale, but borrowed from the Decameron of Boccaccio. The ballad contains much poetical beauty, on which account its translation was undertaken: it contains some instances of vitiated taste, which could not have been omitted, without making greater alterations, than were deemed warrantable. For my own part I am no admirer of most German productions, which are repugnant to a taste, that has been formed from infancy on the great models of classical writing. When their extravagancies are injudiciously extolled, the vow* of an excellent Italian writer presents itself to my recollec-

* "Vo' il patrio rivocar genio incostante,
O almen giurar su quelle sacre chorde
Contro il Gallo e German genio profano
Eterna fede al buon Petrarca e a Dante."
BETTINELLI

tion; a vow, which I wish our England would imitate, preferring the chaste apparel of her ancient poets to the meretricious garb of later wits. But, although the prevalent taste of Germany be corrupt, and fraught with moral and political turpitude, beauty may be gathered from her writers, as honey from the flower, whose root is poisonous. The only extract from German literature, in this additional part, is from Schiller's Maid of Orleans, which he calls a romantic tragedy. Its style has considerable merit, and the whole is less exceptionable, than many of his pieces; but the subject is not flattering to an English reader. The Spanish poetry, which I have translated, was written by authors of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century, and has not to my knowledge before appeared in English. Several very free imitations of the prophecy of the Tajo have been however published; and one of great merit by Mr. Russell, whose early promise of superior genius was blighted by untimely death; but his ode differs widely in substance and

metre from the Spanish. I have labored to produce faithful copies; and in that ode, as well as some others, have preserved the Spanish arrangement of rhymes. If in any passages I have too much departed from the letter of the original or falsified its style, the error has been committed inadvertently; my principal aim has been fidelity, as far as competible with propriety of expression and ornament of rhyme, in a different language.

1805. *WILLIAM HERBERT.*

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ERRATA.

Page 57. l. 9. *for* deadly, *read* deadly.

In the Translations from the German, Danish, &c.

Preface, *for* Launcelot *read* Regynalde

For Gesner *read* Gessner

P. 7. l. 1. dele inverted commas

P. 64. l. 17. *for* Temple *read* Tempe

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Translations from the German, Danish, &c. to precede Translations from the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, &c.; the two parts forming the first volume of Miscellaneous Poetry.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO

A YOUNG BRIDE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PELLEGRINI SALANDRI.

Poesie scelte dell' abate P. Salandri, 1783, p. 247.

1804.

O THOU art more than lovely, more than fair!
Hold faith unshaken to thy soul's delight!
Preserve thy spotless beauty chaste and bright,
And keep thine innocence with jealous care!
Each whisper of the soft insidious air,
That breathes from frailer lips, may quench the light
Of that pure flame, which thro' the ravish'd sight
Stole to thine heart, and still is nourish'd there.
Unsullied from the Alps' cold bosom rose
The fountain, in whose stream the God of day
With amorous joy reflects his sparkling fires:
If wandering from its bed the water flows
To kiss each leaf or floweret on the way,
The clear stream lessens slowly, and expires.

EPITHALAMIUM.

FROM

THE ITALIAN OF PARINI.

Parnaso degli autori viventi, vol. xiv. p. 91.

1804.

'Tis joyous in the lusty time
Of cheerful youth and pleasure's prime,
To espouse a blooming maiden,
  Whose sweet charms have touch'd the breast.
Upon that day the blissful mind
Recalls each frown, each look unkind;
And, its sorrows past reviewing,
  Sweeter holds the joy possest.

When sinks the sun beneath the waves,
The breast with expectation heaves;
Bright the sparkling eye of pleasure,
  Big the tumult of desire.

When the first rays of morn, that break,
The gentle breath of love awake;
Then her face, with beauty glowing,
O 'tis rapture to admire!

'Tis sweet to see the lovely bride
Reposing gently by our side,
Softly on the downy pillow
One white arm outstretch'd and bare;
The ringlets of her hair unbound
In sweet disorder spreading round,
Falling with unwonted freedom
O'er her youthful bosom fair:

And those bright cheeks of vermeil hue
Suffused with the ambrosial dew,
Which upon their glowing color
Sleep from balmly pinion sheds:
Like freshest roses yet unknown,
In virgin beauty newly blown;

When the crystal drops of morning
  Sparkle on their blushing heads.

'Tis sweet to see her ope to light
Her eye-lids, beaming new delight;
And with quick emotion turning
  Seek her spouse with doubtful eye:
Then from those lips, which smiling move,
Pour tenderest words of bashful love,
With the pure ingenuous graces
  Of fond joy and modesty.

O noble youth! illustrious heir
Of all the worth, thy parents bear!
In the early prime of manhood
  Such thy happy lot shall be;
When morning's ray shall gild the skies,
Opening to bliss thy joyful eyes,
Of unrivall'd grace and beauty
  Such a treasure shalt thou see.

But O! how quickly fades away
The blossom of youth's freshest day!
Sweets, that deck it, soon will vanish;
  Flowers so tender soon expire!
From that, which glow'd with pleasure warm,
Enjoyment steals the precious charm;
Early bloom and early perish
  The delights of young desire!

But happiest thou, whose eager eye
At dawn awaking shall descry
Beauty's rich and brightest treasure
  Fraught with virtue and with truth!
Virtue alone preserves the bloom
Of love, unalter'd, to the tomb;
When, by time's cold winter blighted,
  Fade the vivid flowers of youth.

FROM

CATULLUS, 43.

1796.

Whilst Acme upon his young bosom reclin'd,
Septimius thus pour'd the fond thoughts of his mind.
"If I doat not on thee with my soul's latest breath,
If the pangs of my love be not keener than death,
In Africa's desarts alone on my way
May I meet the gaunt lion, and there fall his prey."
He said; and Love echo'd the omen of joy
On the right, as he had on the left of the boy.
But Acme, half turning her beautiful face,
Press'd his high-beating heart with her gentle embrace;
And tenderly pouring her soul in a kiss
(In a kiss from her purple lips melting with bliss)
On the eyes of the boy, that were drunk with desire,
Whilst her blushing cheek glow'd with love's innocent fire;

"So let us, sweet life, this one master obey,"
(She said) "and for ever delight in his sway;
For I feel my fond bosom more fervently move
With the warmest and tenderest rapture of love."
She said; and Love echo'd the omen of joy
On the right, as he had on the left of the boy.
Now faithful they cherish the mutual flame,
Their wishes still constant, their hearts still the same.
More treasures in Acme her lover has found,
Than the billows of Asia or Britain surround;
And Acme, enjoying love's delicate charms,
Tastes sweetest delight in his rapturous arms.
Was ever on earth a more fortunate pair?
Or Venus more kind to the faithful and fair?

ROMANCE.

FROM

THE SPANISH.

Continuacion de la Coleccion de D. Ramon Fernandez, Tomo xvi. p. 239.

" En una cabaña pobre," &c.

1805.

Beneath a humble roof at rest,
In sweet contentment richly blest,
Enjoying love's delight at last,
(Its anxious cares and sorrows past,)
Meliso and his cherish'd bride
One morn in joy and rapture vie'd;
His constant love was ever new,
Her lively faith was chaste and true.
" Each day in thy delighted arms
My heart (she said) finds richer charms."
And he, all flush'd with joyful pride,
Thus to his darling nymph replied;

" Nor wealth, nor glory can compare
With viewing thee, Felisa fair."
As their fond rapture is divine,
They little heed how mortals shine;
For constant love's unalter'd faith
Will bloom and flourish, firm in death.
His eyes to her her beauties shew;
From hers, his own reflected glow:
They wish to speak, but language fails,
And love's mute eloquence prevails.
At length she says, " This sacred tie
To me is life and liberty."
And he, " That I am thine," replied,
" Sweet, is my bosom's fondest pride!"
Mountain and meadow seem to share
The joy of this delighted pair;
The river-nymphs with rapture sing;
And fresh the turf and blossoms spring:
And all the blissful shepherds round,
Alike by mute endearment bound,

When love permits, with amorous breath
Declare their true and constant faith.
She says, "The firmness of my love
Absence and time may vainly prove!"
And certain he of lasting bliss
Thus answers with a glowing kiss,
"Nor wealth, nor glory can compare
With viewing thee, Felisa fair!"

ROMANCE.

FROM

THE SPANISH.

Continuacion de la Coleccion de D. Ramon Fernandez, Tomo xvi, p. 227.

" Vete, amor, vete ;
Mira que amanece," &c.

1805.

Awake, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!
Busy footsteps, hurrying by,
Tell that now the sun is high ;
Borne on wings of purest white
The morning spreads its fullest light.
Sore thou fear'st, and sore I fear,
Prying strangers roaming near
May divulge the rumour free,
How thee I love, and thou lov'st me.
Awake, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!

If the rising sun destroy
Dewy pearls, the meadow's joy,
From my side it hastes to tear
A gem, that shines more bright and fair:
Beams, that bring to mortals light,
Shew to me like blackest night;
When the dawn's first blushes glow,
Thine absence spreads the gloom of woe.
Awake, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!
Wouldst thou root the present bliss
Springing from each secret kiss,
Firm, that envious gales, which blow,
May not our budding joys o'erthrow?
Wouldst thou, love, we thus should meet
Oft in this secure retreat,
Where at sight we pay so free
What thee I owe, and thou ow'st me?
Awake, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!

Take those circling arms away!
Linger not with fond delay!
One dear moment of delight
May rouse misfortune's bitter spite.
Short I deem the day of grief,
When the night brings quick relief,
And the hope of coming pleasure
Steals from sorrow half its measure.
Awake, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!

ROMANCE.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF DON LUIS DE GONGORA.

" La mas bella niña di nuestro lugar,"* &c.
Obras, Madr. 1564. fol. 84.

1805.

THE loveliest damsel* of our village green,
(To day a lone widow, a bride but yestrene,)
To battle beholding her heart's treasure go,
Thus said to her mother, who listen'd her woe.
O hear me complain,
Ye shores of the main!
Since, mother, you gave me, in youth's tender years,
A short draught of pleasure, a full cup of tears,
And join'd me, ah wretched! to who must depart,
And flying bear with him the keys of my heart;
O hear me complain, &c.

* The Spanish lines are constructed so as to divide after the sixth syllable.

Mine eyes have exchang'd for mute sorrow and dole
Love's eloquent glances, that beam'd from the soul;
For how can they now their fond lustre employ,
Since he goes to battle, who once was their joy!
O hear me complain, &c.
Nay, curb not my sorrow, nor blame my sad strain;
The one were unjust, and the other were vain.
If comfort you offer, O check not the sigh!
'Twere sadder to linger in silence, and die.
O hear me complain, &c.
Sweet mother, sweet mother, what maid would not groan,
Tho' bless'd with a bosom unfeeling as stone?
Who see without weeping the joyfullest day
Of youth and of pleasure thus fading away?
O hear me complain, &c.
Fly, night! for those eyes are departed, whose light
Made mine once awaken to sweetest delight.
Fly swiftly, nor linger to see me thus mourn!
My chamber is dreary; my couch is forlorn.
O hear me complain, &c.

O D E.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

A LA FLOR DE GNIDO.

This Ode was written for Doña Catalina or Doña Violante Sanseverino, who dwelt in a place called Il Seggio di Gnido.

Obras, Madr. 1796, p. 150.

1805.

Had my poor and humble lyre
Power to bend the tempest's ire;
Charms to soothe and force to bind
The swelling wave and raging wind;
Could it tame each mountain beast
Lulling his savage soul to rest,
And forests from their native ground
Draw by force of sweetest sound:
Think not, lovely Flower of Gnide,
I would sing the crested pride
Of mailed Mars, or chiefs that stood
In fight besprent with dust and blood!
Or those heroes famed in war,
Borne on proud triumphal car,

Who made the stubborn German bow,
And bent the Franc's imperious brow:
But only that immortal ray
Of beauties, which around thee play;
And perchance thy rigid soul,
Where never love's sweet passion stole:
And him, the youth, in lingering death
Who mourns thy beauty's killing breath;
Whose drooping cheeks, like violets pale,
The sternness of thine heart bewail:
Him, who laboring in the tide,
With heavy chain for ever tie'd
In Venus' shell, like* galley slave
Struggles with love's adverse wave.
No more† he scours the plain with speed
Reining his hot and gallant steed;
No more he spurs its tardy flanks,
Nor foremost in the youthful ranks

* A conceited allusion to her lover's name, Galeota
† Imitated from Horace.

With dexterous hand the falchion moves
No more the crowded circus loves;
But, e'en like serpent's venom'd sting,
Flies the dust and noisy ring.
For thee he tunes his mournful lyre,
Vocal no more with sportive fire;
While bitter tears, that fall apace,
Bathe the lover's pallid face.
Gentle word and voice of friend
Now nor charm nor comfort lend;
Sad cares the gloomy soul oppress,
And reason yields to wild distress.
I (once the harbour from his woes,
In grief his refuge and repose,
Who waked to joy the heart forlorn,
And bade it hope a beaming morn)
Now hateful seem; and gall the sore,
My care has often sooth'd before:
And ne'er was monster of the sea,
Nor prowling savage, shunn'd like me.

* * *

O D E.

FROM THE

SPANISH OF LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

Ramon's Edit. 1786, p. 11.

1804.

1.

Full well may they, who mark'd my pain,
And heard me once so woebegone,
Deem, that now, warbling like the swan,
I blithely tune my dying strain.
And think it those, who wish my bane!
But grieves there any gentler heart,
That cruel love should bid me smart,
Know such, that by this very lay
I thus have charm'd my bonds away,
And learn'd a manly part!

2.

For when that Siren sweet and fair,
Enchanting Hope, had lost her force,
Though Beauty fain had stopp'd my course,
I struggled thro' her fatal snare.
Plants change, as veers the fickle air;
They bloom not to the wintery sky,
Or their young blossoms quickly die;
To fresher climes of genial shade,
Where spring's bright colors never fade,
The little songsters fly.

3.

Warmer and fonder every day
Love grows by gentle harmony;
But soon from lack of courtesy
His power will fail, his charms decay:
My heart no longer owns his sway;
Now time and reason break the spell,
And sober thoughts the charm dispell;
For ne'er should man with ceaseless care

On woman light, tho' sweetly fair,
(Like patient angler) dwell.

4.

Charms, which are *thine*, not to bestow,
Lady, was just, I freely own.
Law to the taste was never known;
The will must teach the heart to glow.
But, while the breast is cold as snow,
Thus to pretend a mutual fire;
That, as delusive hopes expire,
Keen anguish may the bosom rend:
Such wrongs e'en pride to cowards lend,
And vengeful thoughts inspire!

5.

But peace and leisure now I woo;
Nor quittance, nor revenge desire:
E'en the light embers of my fire
The winds have scatter'd from my view.
And (if ye deem my tale untrue,
And think, when grief's wild storm is o'er,

The heart bears traces of its sore)
Know ye, that wounded pride alone
Can change a tender breast to stone,
Though soft as wax before!

6.

Now from my bosom blithe I cast
The bonds, which made me once obey!
Fair lady, thy capricious sway
(His fruitless hopes and follies past)
Has free'd thy patient thrall at last!
And now I blush, thou shouldst retain
Fond tokens of thy former reign;
But those I yield for quiet's sake,
E'en as its skin the joyful snake,
To sport in youth again.

SONNET.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF DON FRANCISCO DE BORIA PRINCIPE DE ESQUILACHE,

AUTHOR OF THE EPIC POEM, NAPOLES RECUPERADA.

Edit. Sec. 4to. 1654, p. 8.

1805.

GENTLY, sweet stream, thou wind'st with grateful sound;
Like heaven's bright azure thy pure waters glow,
Or from the flowers, which on thy margin blow,
Reflect the various hues, that sparkle round.
Late in the mountain's icy fetters bound,
With joyful freedom through the plain they flow;
Delight the thirsty peasant, as they go;
Refresh the herbage, and adorn the ground.
O how I mourn thy crystal rill to see,
Dispensing comfort, bidding sorrow fly,
And wandering, as it lists, secure and free!
In some proud river's bed thou soon must lie,
And with him roam uncertain to the sea,
Furious in winter, in the summer dry!

O D E.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF DON FRANCISCO DE BORIA
PRINCIPE DE ESQUILACHE.

Obras en verso. Edit. sec. 1654, p. 266.

TO A SHIP.

1805.

1.

Where go'st thou trusting to the gale,
Ambitious Pine, through doubtful seas?
Where dost thou roam with swelling sail,
Rock'd by the rude and fickle breeze?
O seek not thus with idle pride
To stem the fierce unruly tide;
Lest thou, the forest's beauteous daughter,
Sport of every passing wave,
Deep beneath the roaring water
Find a sad unhonor'd grave!
Nor think, the flattering Wind, who gently fann'd
Thy peaceful youth, will waft thee to the land!

If in the greenwood less severe he reign,
The mountain checks him, but he rules the main.

2.

Once did thy shieldlike arms imbow'r
The traveller faint with summer's ray,
Oppose the Sun's relentless pow'r,
And blunt the beaming shafts of day.
Now far from hill or verdant plain
Thou must explore fierce ocean's reign;
Laden with gold and useless treasure
Thou must view another scene;
Lonely, mute, and void of pleasure,
Shorn of all thine honors green.
In vain the teeming billows of the sea
Pour riches forth on every shore for thee;
Since thou, who proudly cleav'st its argent fields,
Art stranger to the wealth, its bosom yields.

3.

Now bold thou seek'st some distant shore,
Compell'd man's greedy wants to feed;

Which drive thee o'er the billows hoar,
Faster than storm and tempest speed.
Nor dost thou mark the changeful main,
Before thou plough'st its liquid plain;
For though awhile its rude commotion
Cease at man's industrious pray'r,
Never long the haughty ocean
Deigns a foreign yoke to wear.
Nor sail, nor lofty mast was form'd to reap
The harvest of the rich transparent deep;
Nor boastful man, whom o'er the swelling wave
A flattering breeze guides quickly to his grave.

*4.

If once of birds the safe retreat
Thy boughs with rural music rung,
'Twas better list their wood-notes sweet
From nests, which in thy branches hung,
And many a soft and plaintive lay
Warbled at eve or dawning day;

* This is properly the fifth stanza; I have omitted the fourth altogether.

Than by the blustering tempests driven
Thus to hear their tragic strain,
When the angry winds of heaven
Roaring sweep the troubled main.
At that sad hour thy parent harms thee most;
Who, if thou seek'st her, breaks thee on the coast
Dash'd mid her rocks; or, if she favor more,
Receives thee wreck'd upon a sandy shore.

ROMANCE.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF DON FRANCISCO DE BORIA
PRINCIPE DE ESQUILACHE.

" Truecanse los tiempos," &c.

1805.

Seasons change and hours depart,
Some of pleasure, some forlorn ;
And to beauty's fairest spring
Age is night and youth is morn.

Trees, by northern gales despoil'd,
Blooming greet the warmer ray ;
Secret streams, that murmur slow,
Weep in winter, laugh in May.

If the feather'd warblers mourn
Fetter'd by the chill of night,
Caroling in air they hail
The sweet liberty of light.

If, when angry tempests rise,
Swells the sea with troubled breast;
Soon as orient morn appears,
All its waves are lull'd to rest.

If the shepherd mourns his hut
Mantled by December's snow;
When spring beaming gilds its thatch,
Flakes of ice like silver glow.

Widow'd hills of hoary brow
Smile with rose and lily crown'd;
And the sun, whom shades pursue,
Wakes to joy the pearly ground:

Forth he comes, and shadows fly;
Silvia, night will shroud his ray!
Time, who bade thy beauties grow,
Time will steal their bloom away!

SONNET.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF EL BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE,

Which is understood to be a feigned name used by Quevedo, as that of El Licenciado Tomè de Burguillos was by Lope de Vega Carpio.

Parnaso Español, v. 1. p. 329.

1805.

ZEPHYR returns, and sheds with liberal hand
Foliage and buds around and odorous flow'rs;
Nurses the purple rose with dewy show'rs,
Gilds the bright sky, and clothes the verdant land:
The stream flows clear, by temperate breezes fann'd;
And sweetly sing the birds in shady bow'rs,
Cheerless and mute, while angry winter low'rs,
Now blithely ringing with the feather'd band.
Never, O ruthless Time, implored in vain,
Beams forth thy spring to my unalter'd fate,
Nor decks my wither'd hopes with bloom again!
Some fondly dread the changes of thy state,
Who hold the treasure, which they strove to gain;
I mourn thy stedfast unrelenting hate.

SONNET.

On the Death of Garcilaso de la Vega, slain in battle, as had been also his father, Garcilaso, the celebrated Poet.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA.

Ramon's Edit. 1785, p. 8.

1804.

O BEAUTEOUS scion from the stateliest tree,
That e'er in fertile mead or forest grew!
With freshest bloom adorn'd and vigor new,
Glorious in form, and first in dignity!
The same fell tempest, which by heaven's decree
Around thy parent stock resistless blew,
And far from Tajo fair its trunk o'erthrew,
In foreign clime has stripp'd the leaves from thee!
And the same pitying hand has from the spot
Of cheerless ruin raised ye to rejoice,
Where fruit immortal decks the wither'd stem!
I will not, like the vulgar, mourn your lot;
But, with pure incense and exulting voice,
Praise your high worth, and consecrate your fame.

PROPHECY OF THE TAJO.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF FRAY LUIS DE LEON:

Ramon's Edition, 1790, p. 14.

In consequence of the rape of his daughter Caba by King Rodrigo, Count D. Julian is said to have invited the Moorish army, which overthrew the empire of the Goths in Spain.

1805.

Unseen, and lull'd in Caba's arms,
Rodrigo lay, where Tajo flows,
Clasping the virgin's rifled charms;
From his deep bed the river rose,
And thus bespoke him, prophet of his woes.
"Foul ravisher, in evil day
Thou joy'st beneath a luckless star!
E'en now I hear the rising fray,
The clash of steel, the shock of war,
The voice of tumult rolling from afar!

What grief succedes thy blissful hour!
That maid shall prove her country's bane,
Who clasps thee now in secret bow'r;
Born to o'erthrow the Gothic reign,
And draw a scourge from Heaven on bleeding Spain.
The secret spark and fatal brand
Of war thy heedless arms embrace;
Destruction to thy native land;
Despair, and shame, and sure disgrace,
To thy true vassals and thy royal race;
To all, who break the fertile soil
Of Constantina, or the plain
Where Ebro views their peaceful toil;
Who Lusitania's rights maintain,
Or sad Hispania's wide-extended reign.
E'en now aloud the injur'd sire,
(Whose thoughts for instant vengeance glow)
Reckless of fame, with savage ire
From Cadiz calls the barbarous foe!
Their arms uplifted aim the deadly blow!

Hark! how the trumpet on the coast,
Rending the sky, with dreadful bray
Summons to war the Moorish host
Beneath their banners bright and gay,
Which, flaunting on the breeze, light-streaming play.
Lo, the fierce Arab smites the wind,
Waving his spear, and shouts to war!
Instant the thronging troops are join'd;
The swarthy nations swarm from far,
With many a prancing steed and rattling car.
Their countless squadrons hide the ground;
The sea is lost beneath their sails;
Confused and various grows the sound,
And the high vault of Heaven assails;
The thickening dust the day with darkness veils.
Already floating bold and free
Their navy stems the foaming tide;
Their vigorous arms upturn the sea,
Plying the oar with gallant pride,
And cleaving fast the wave their vessels glide.

With wind in poop and prosperous gales,
Great Æolus in godlike state
Exulting fills the strutting sails;
And through the famed Herculean strait
Proud Neptune guides the iron-beaked fleet.
But, ah! the sweet and fatal dream
Of pleasure still thy soul enthralls:
Thou dost not mark the weapons gleam;
Thou dost not rush, where battle calls;
Thou dost not see fair Cadiz' captive walls!
Haste! buckle on thine arms with speed!
Fly! climb the mountain! reach the field!
Force with the spur thy foaming steed!
Bare the keen blade, and grasp the shield,
And with unceasing rage the falchion wield!
O what of labor, what of woe,
Hangs o'er the chiefs, in armour bright
That clothe their breasts to meet the foe!
O'er those for standing combat dight!
O'er horse and horseman laboring in the fight!

And thou, pure Bœtis, big with slain,
With foreign and with native blood,
What helmets through the frighted plain,
What chiefs, that late in battle stood,
Thy waves shall roll unto the neighbouring flood!
Five days unmoved on either side
The God of war the fight maintains,
With equal hopes, and equal pride:
The sixth condemns thy hapless swains,
O my dear country, to barbarian chains!"

SONNET.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOME LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

Ramon's Edition 1786, vol. 1, p. 183.

1804.

" PARENT of good! since all thy laws are just,
Say, why permits thy judging providence
Oppression's hand to bow meek innocence,
And gives prevailing strength to fraud and lust?
Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust?
Amid the din of joy fair Virtue sighs,
While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls."
Thus I;—when radiant 'fore my wondering eyes
A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said;
" Blind moralist, is Earth the sphere of souls?"

O D E.

ON

THE DEATH OF DON SEBASTIAN,

KING OF PORTUGAL;

WHO WAS DESTROYED WITH HIS WHOLE ARMY ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER LUCO, IN AFRICA.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNANDO DE HERRERA.

Ramon's Edition 1786, vol. 2, p. 104.

1804.

1.

With sorrowing voice begin the strain,
With fearful breath and sounds of woe
Sad prelude to the mournful lay
For Lusitania's fallen sway,
Spurn'd by the faithless foe!
And let the tale of horror sound
From Libyan Atlas and the burning plain
E'en to the Red Sea's distant bound;
And where, beyond that foaming tide,
The vanquish'd East with blushing pride
And all her nations fierce and brave
Have seen the Christian banners wave!

2.

O Libya, through thy desarts wide,
With many a steed, and chariot boldly driven,
Thou saw'st Sebastian's warriors sweep the shore!
On rush'd they, fierce in martial pow'r,
Nor raised their thoughts to Heaven.
Self-confident, and flush'd with pride,
(Their boastful hearts on plunder bent)
Triumphant o'er the hostile land
In gorgeous trim the stiff-neck'd people went.
But the Lord open'd his upholding hand,
And left them; down the abyss with strange uproar,
Horseman and horse amain, and crashing chariots pour.

3.

Loaded with wrath and terror came
The day, the cruel day,
Which gave the widow'd realm to shame,
To solitude and deep dismay.
Dark lower'd the Heavens; in garb of woe
The Sun astonish'd ceased to glow:

Jehovah visited the guilty land,
And pass'd in anger with his red right-hand
Humbling her pride; he made the force
Of weak barbarians steady in its course;
He made their bosoms firm and bold,
And bade them spurn at baneful gold,
Their ruthless way through yielding legions mow,
Fulfil his vengeful word, and trample on the foe.

4.

O'er thy fair limbs, so long by valor saved,
Sad Lusitania, child of woe!
O'er all that rich and gallant show,
With impious hate the heathen's fearless arm
His flaming falchion waved!
His fury marr'd thine ancient fame,
And scatter'd o'er thy squadrons wild alarm,
Fell slaughter, and eternal shame!
A tide of blood o'er-flow'd the plain;
Like mountains stood the heaps of slain:
Alike on that ill-fated day

War's headlong torrent swept away
The trembling voice of fear, the coward breath,
And the high soul of valor, proud in death.

5.

Are those the warriors once renown'd?
For deeds of glory justly crown'd;
Whose thunder shook the world,
Whene'er their banners were unfurl'd;
Who many a barbarous tribe subdued,
And many an empire stretching wide and far;
Who sack'd each state, that proudly stood;
Whose arms lay'd waste in savage war
What realms lie circled by the Indian tide?
Where now their ancient pride?
Where is that courage, once in fight secure?
How in one moment is the boast
Of that heroic valor lost!
Without the holy rites of sepulture,
Far from their homes and native land
Fallen, O fallen, on the desert sand!

6.

Once were they like the cedar fair
Of mighty Lebanon, whose glorious head
With leaves and boughs immeasurably spread.
The rains of Heaven bade it grow
Stately and loftiest on the mountain's brow;
And still its branches rose to view
In form and beauty ever new.
High nestled on its head the fowls of air,
And many a forest beast
Beneath its ample boughs increas'd,
And man found shelter in its goodly shade.
With beauteous limbs unrivall'd did it rise,
Lord of the mountain, towering to the skies.

7.

Its verdant head presumptuously grew,
Trusting to wonderous bulk alone,
And vain of its excelling height:
But from the root its trunk the Lord o'erthrew,
To barbarous despight

And foreign hate a hopeless prey.
Now by the mountain torrent strewn
Its leafless honors naked lie;
And far aloof the frighted wanderers fly,
Whom once it shielded from the burning day:
In the sad ruin of its branches bare
Dwell the wild forest beasts and screaming birds of air.

8.

Thou, hateful Libya, on whose arid sand
Proud Lusitania's glory fell,
And all her boast of wide command,
Let not thine heart with triumph swell!
Though to thy timid hand by angry Heaven
A praiseless victory was given!
For (when the voice of grief shall call
The sons of Spain to venge her fall)
Torn by the lance thy vitals shall repay
The fatal outrage of that bitter day,
And Luco's flood impurpled by the slain
Its mournful tribute roll affrighted to the main.

THE

COMMENCEMENT

OF AN

O D E,

TO DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF FERNANDO DE HERRERA.

Ramon's Edition 1786, vol. 1, p. 153.

1804.

1.

When from the vaulted sky,
Struck by the bolt and vollied fire of Jove,
Enceladus (who proudly strove
To rear to Heaven his impious head)
Fell headlong upon Etna's rocky bed;
And she, who long had boldly stood
Against the Powers on high,
By thousand deaths undaunted, unsubdued,
Rebellious Earth, her fury spent,
Before the sword of Mars unwilling bent:

2.

In heaven's pure serene
To his bright lyre, whose strings melodious rung,
Unshorn Apollo sweetly sung;
And spread the joyous numbers round,
His youthful brows with gold and laurel bound.
Listening the sweet immortal strain
Each heavenly Power was seen;
And all the lucid spheres, night's wakeful train,
That swift pursue their ceaseless way,
Forgot their course, suspended by his lay.

3.

Hush'd was the stormy sea,
At the sweet sound the boisterous waves were laid,
The noise of rushing winds was staid;
And with the gentle breath of pleasure
The Muses sung, according with his measure.
In wildest strains of rapture lost
He sung the victory,
The power and glory of the heavenly host;

The horrid mien and warlike mood,
The fatal pride, of the Titanian brood:

4.

Of Pallas, Attic maid,
The Gorgon terrors and the fiery spear;
Of him, whose voice the billows fear,
The valor proved in deadly fight;
Of Hercules the strength and vengeful might.
But long he praised thy dauntless heart,
And sweetest prelude made
Singing, Bistonian Mars, thy force and art;
Thine arm victorious, which o'erthrew
The fiercest of the bold Phlegréan crew!

* * * *

O D E.

FROM

THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

Cançaõ 4. In some Editions 2.

1805.

1.

EVER gliding to the sea
Flow the waters fair and free
Of clear Mondego tranquil through the plain:
Anxious thoughts and growing care
Bound my youthful bosom there,
And slowly fix'd their ever-during reign.
Along the pleasant margin green,
Where now I mourn the alter'd scene,
First did my eyes a nymph behold
Brighter than snow, and pure as gold;
Sweet smiles serene; and grace so well display'd,
That from my heart its form will never fade.

2.

In this country deck'd with flow'rs
Blithely roll'd my peaceful hours,
In calm contentment, unalloy'd with sighs.
Then I gloried in my cares;
Rapture sweeten'd e'en the tears
Drawn by the beam of those love-darting eyes.
Time flow'd, nor I its lapse perceived,
Long by delusive hope deceived;
I sported in life's cheerful ray,
And dream'd of bliss from day to day.
What now avail those joys, too quickly flown!
Those eyes, that with unrivall'd lustre shone!

3.

Who could then have bade me deem
Time would break our pleasant dream,
And the deep spell of love at once divide!
Or that in this world forlorn
I from thee should e'er be torn,
From thee, dear lady, from my bosom's pride!

At that dark hour fate's adverse strife
For ever closed my scene of life;
All hope in one sad moment flown,
Vain thoughts of bliss for ever gone;
And nothing left, save memory of joy,
Which ne'er will quit me, but at length destroy.

4.

Still beneath this weight of woe
Some fond thoughts of comfort grow,
Some cheering rays amid the darkness shine:
While in happier hours of youth
Love approved our constant truth,
Thy soul was calm, thy breast ne'er glow'd like mine.
The fatal hour, which bade us part,
Wounds not alike thy tender heart;
And light to me the pangs, I bear,
Compared with knowing thy despair:
My knell will soon be rung; thou, Lady, live,
And taste the joy, which youth and beauty give!

SPEECH OF VIRIACIA,

QUEEN OF THE LUSITANIANS

IN ANSWER TO CORROBO, WHO HAD URGED HER TO SUBMIT TO POMPEY.

FROM A PORTUGUESE TRAGEDY,

BY JOÃO XAVIER DE MATOS.

Act I.—Scene IV.

Rimas, Lisb. 1782, vol. 2, p. 235.

1805.

Full well I know, my lord,
How much I am beholden to thy prowess.
Valor and glory for their worth I prize;
And of thine arm the mighty force I honor,
And honor it the more, because 'tis thine:
But this I doubt, my lord, if such discourse
Be not of thee and of that force unworthy.
What do these Romans from our hands demand?
Rome is a state, as other states; but right
Of foreign sway she holds not. That high fortune,
Which raised her head above surrounding realms,
Gave her no claim to rule them. Who decree'd,

Tiber should sovereign be and Tajo slave?
Arms can make conquerors, can raise or crush
The pride of empires; but the right of rule
Nature and justice give: such law alone
Severs and bounds the nations of the earth.
Romans have equal laws; if they abuse them,
Shall we alike be guilty? No, Corrobo,
It were a crime to cast our own away,
E'en as it were to rob another's right.
If Rome can not within her limits stand,
We here will stand on Lusitania's soil.
Did we assail her cities, burn her towns,
Plunder her provinces? Did we impose
Tribute on her? Or was this goodly world
Created only for a Roman's pleasure?
Prince, we were born in freedom; we have arms,
Valor, and chiefs; if that be not sufficient,
Justice is ours, and we are Lusitanians.

SCENE

FROM

SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS.

Act III.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1805.

A SOLITARY PART OF THE FIELD OF BATTLE; THE TOWERS OF RHEIMS ARE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

A Knight in complete black armour, with his visor closed. Joan follows him to the extremity of the stage, where he stops and awaits her.

JOAN.

Deceitful traitor! now I ken thy guile.
From the red field, where death and carnage reign,
From many a British head, that should have fallen,
Thou hast allured me by dissembled flight:
But instant o'er thyself destruction hangs.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Why dost thou follow thus, with savage heat
Dogging my footsteps? The pursuit is vain;
I am not fated by thy sword to die.

JOAN.

Abhorr'd thou art, as hell; hateful, as night,
Which is thy color! my deep bosom yearns
To drive thee from the blessed light of day.
Who art thou?—Lift thy visor.—Had not I
Beheld the warlike Talbot fall in battle,
I should say, thou wert Talbot.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Dost not thou
With the prophetic spirit converse hold?

JOAN.

Aye; it cries loudly in my deepest soul,
That one accurs'd of Heaven now stands before me.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Maiden of Arc! e'en to the gate of Rheims
Thou hast been wafted on the wings of conquest.
Suffice the glory gain'd! discharge thy fortune,
Who like a slave hath waited on thy beck,
Ere wrathfully she break her irksome bondage!
Her aid hath ay proved faithless and unsure.

JOAN.

What? dost thou bid me in the mid career,
My work unfinish'd, quit the high emprise?
I have a vow in heaven, which may not sleep
Forgotten, unfulfill'd.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Invincible!
Nought can thy force resist; in every fight
Thou bear'st the victory.—Trust not again
The fickle chance of battles!—heed my warning!

JOAN.

By heaven, I will not lay this falchion down,
Till England's pride shall stoop to royal France.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Behold, how near the battlements arise
Of Rheims, the goal and close of thy career!
See the high dome of yon cathedral gleam!
There shalt thou enter in triumphal pomp,
Crown thy true monarch, and fulfil thy vow.
Go not within! turn backward! heed my warning!

JOAN.

What art thou, double-tongued mysterious being,
That with dark falsehood wouldst appall my soul?
How thinkest thou by strange prophetic voice
To damp my purpose, and arrest mine arm?

(The Black Knight attempts to depart, but she steps in his way.)

Nay; thou shalt stay, and hear me; or this hand
Shall smite thee to the dust.

BLACK KNIGHT.

(He touches her with his hand; she stands immoveable.)

Slay what is mortal!

(Darkness, thunder, and lightening; the Knight vanishes.)

JOAN.

(She stands at first astonished, but soon collects herself.)

It had not life: 'twas some deceitful dream,
Some hellish phantom or rebellious fiend
Sent from the gulph of everduring fire,
To make my yet undaunted courage shrink.

Whom should I fear, with Heaven's high sword to guard me?
Victorious I will urge my fated course;
And, though all hell array'd within the lists
Pour forth its legions, never shall this arm
Pause in the battle, or this bosom tremble.

SCENE

FROM THE GERMAN,

IN THE SECOND ACT OF

SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS.

1805.

JOAN OF ARC.——MONTGOMERY.

Montgomery sues for quarter.

JOAN.

Fool, thou art lost!
Thy forfeit life must bow beneath the sword
Of that fierce Maid, from whose destroying arm
Was never ransom or deliverance.
Hadst thou been cast into the ravenous fangs
Of mailed crocodile or spotted pard,
Hadst thou bereft the lioness of her cubs,
Hope still had been of mercy and compassion;
But to have cross'd the Maid in fight, is deadly,
A vow tremendous binds me to the throne
Of holy spirits, firm, inviolable,
To smite each fated head, the Lord of battles
Shall yield unto mine arm.

MONTGOMERY.

Thy rede is fierce,
But mild thy look and gentle; in thine eyes
No terror dwells; but the sweet light of love,
Which draws all hearts to honor and adore it.
O I beseech thee by thy tender sex,
Pity, and spare my youth!

JOAN.

Adjure not me,
Fond mortal, by my sex! name me not woman!
Like the incorporal spirits, who nothing woo
Of earthly fashion, to no human sex
Hold I, nor throbs a heart beneath this armour.

MONTGOMERY.

O maiden, by the holy ties of love,
To which all life pays homage, I adjure thee!
I have a doating spouse, whose wistful eyes
Weep for their lord's return; fair, like thyself,
And deck'd with all the charms of modest youth.
O as thou hop'st the dearest joys to prove

Of sweet connubial bliss, tear not asunder
Two hearts united by fond sympathy!

JOAN.

Frail man, thou call'st in vain on foreign gods;
Names, I nor sacred hold, nor reverence.
The ties of Love, by which thy tongue adjures me,
Are hateful; his vile service I abhor.
Defend thy life, for death hangs over thee!

MONTGOMERY.

O yet have pity on mine aged sire,
Whom I have left in sorrow! thou hast surely
Fond parents, who for thee watch painful nights
Of bodeful expectation.

JOAN.

Hapless wretch!
Need'st thou remind me, in this bleeding realm
How many mothers mourn their slaughter'd sons,
How many orphans cry for their slain parents,
How many brides lie widow'd by your hate?
Aye, England's dames shall learn the notes of woe,

Shall know those bitter tears of agony,
Which France hath shed, dishonor'd, and undone.

MONTGOMERY.

Alas, 'tis sore on foreign land to fall
Unwept, unpitied!

JOAN.

Into foreign lands
What led ye, but fierce hatred, to destroy
The blooming harvest of our industry?
To drive us from our desolated homes,
Our flocks and cottages, with savage wrath
Hurling the fiery brand of impious war
Into this country's peaceful sanctuary?
Ye vainly thought to crush our native strength
In slavery's bond; and like a paltry boat
Unto the gorgeous vessel of your pride
To moor this gallant kingdom. Her high fates
Hang fearless on the thunderous throne of God;
And sooner from the eternal vault of heaven
A sphere shall headlong fall, than one poor hamlet

Be sever'd from this royal dynasty:
Now are the days of retribution come;
Nor living shall ye measure back the waves,
By Heaven pour'd between these bordering realms
As boundaries, which your rapine has o'erpass'd.

MONTGOMERY.

Then must I perish. Death scowls horribly.

JOAN.

Aye, perish! dost thou dread the stroke of death,
The common lot of mortals?—Look on me!
I am but a poor Maid, of shepherds born;
This hand was little wont to wield the falchion,
But with a humble crook the innocent flock
Led forth to pasture. Yet untimely torn
From my dear native home and honor'd sire,
From my loved sisters, and the peaceful seat
Of all my early joys, here must I—here—
(The voice of God, not mine own will conducts me)
Baneful to ye, to myself nothing joyous,
In battle like some hideous spectre move,

Scattering death's image wide, and fall its victim.
For never may these eyes again behold
Their native cot, in peace and joy returning;
But many a Briton yet must feel mine arm,
And many a widow mourn: then shall this head
Fulfil its destinies.—Fulfil thine, trembler!
Grasp quick thy sword: our strife is mortal.

MONTGOMERY.

If
That thou be'st human, if that arms may wound thee,
Upon my sword perhaps hangs England's vengeance.
Dauntless to Heaven I trust my destinies.
Accursed fiend, invoke thy hellish sprites
To stand beside thee in thine utmost need!
Guard thou thy life!—

(He seizes his shield and sword, and attacks her: martial music at a distance; after a short fight Montgomery falls.)

HYMN.

FROM THE DANISH;

IN

TULLIN'S MAJDAG.

1805.

HAIL, uncreated Being, source of life,
Whose love is boundless, and whose mercy wise!
Whose power hath wrought, to spread thy glories wide,
For every sense a paradise of joy!
Thyself art All, and in thy spirit pure
Live all created things: each form declares
Thy touch and pressure; every meanest tribe
The sacred image of thy nature bears.
Summer and autumn's sun and wintery blasts
Proclaim thy might and glory: but the spring,
Wherefore and whence, O Lord, its genial breath?
'Tis the loud voice, that bids the faithless bow:
With thousand thousand tongues of joy and praise,
With the full quire of new-created life,

Singing thy name; proclaiming to the dull
Thy love, thy bounty, thine almighty hand!
And thee it most resembles; like thyself,
It moulds and fashions; bids the spirit wake;
Gives life and aliment, and clothes the form
With strength and vigor! 'Tis the holy type
Of thy creative breath!—How mean of soul,
How lost are they to every finer bliss,
Who, prison'd mid the dusty smoke of towns,
(When Nature calls aloud, and Life invites
Array'd in youth and freshest beauty) sit
Forlorn and darkling in the maze of thought!
  Life springs at thy command; thou bid'st awake
New scenes to witness all thy majesty,
New shapes and creatures: none dost thou forbid
To view the wonderous produce of thy word;
And shall that creature, whom thy bounty raised
By reason high above the groveling race,
With coldness trace thy glory, taste thy gifts
Contemptuous and unmov'd?—I tremble, Lord,

I roam, as on a wide and fathomless sea,
Amid the wonders of thy growing year!
I see, but know not: my full heart admires
The prospect of delight, thou spread'st around;
And, as thy beck can from the wither'd plant
Call forth new verdure, bid fresh blossoms spring,
Methinks that power may in the mouldering corse
Arouse warm life and vigor. I behold
Each living thing declare thy liberal hand,
Thy force, all-bountiful almighty God!
And shall not I, on whom thy judging will
Show'rs choicer bliss, some dureous tribute pay,
Some strain of rapture to the King of Kings!
My mind and heart and ravish'd sense admire
The might and gorgeous majesty of Heav'n,
The glory of thy works; and deem the world
Created vainly for such torpid souls,
As scorn its beauty, and renounce its joys.

SONETTO.

TRADOTTO DAL IPPOLITO DI EURIPIDE.

1804.

Questa tessuta a te, Dea casta e buona,
Di fior vaghissimi ghirlanda bella,
Da prato intatto insull' alba novella
Scelti, mia mano umile sacra e dona.
Da prato, dove armento mai non suona;
Nè mai pastor vi giunge, o falce fella;
Ma la rugiada semplice l'abbella,
E il mormorio dell' api vi risuona.
Cui l'arte è ignota, e caro per natura
L'immacolato del pudor costume,
Coglier indi sol lice il verde stelo.
Tu il pio fregio da man pudica e pura
All' auree chiome aggradi, o santo Nume!
Chè questa dote sola mi diè il cielo.

SONETO.

1804.

España, España, si sobervia y fuerte,
Si del ufano hierro de fiera gente
Traspassada, muriesses dignamente,
Yo no lloráre tan heroyca suerte!
¿Duerme tu alma mezquina, y no se advierte,
Que quien se acaba con honrada frente
Vivirá en la memoria eternamente,
Y aqui dichosa se dirá su muerte?
Gallarda tu eras entre las naciones;
En las batallas diestra no domada
Tuves, a par de otra qualquier gloriosa:
Ni armas te agora faltan, o varones,
O fuerza; mas la mente confiada,
Y el brio, que te hizieron poderosa.

INTERVIEW

BETWEEN

TALABAAN AND ALOMPRA.

1800.

Argument.

Ava had long been subject to the Taliens, and was governed by Apporaza, the King's brother and viceroy. Alompra, a man of mean extraction, but extraordinary talents, raised the standard of revolt, and expelled the Taliens from the Birman territory. He carried the war into the kingdom of Pegue; and, after numerous victories, laid siege to the capital itself. The Taliens sued for peace, confirmed his conquests, and delivered up to him the King's daughter. Talabaan, a young chieftain, who was attached to the Princess, having vainly opposed this disgraceful treaty, cut his way through the army of Alompra with a few desperate followers. Alompra soon afterwards attempted to surprise the city, which trusted in the faith of peace. In this he failed; but the war being renewed, the timid King submitted unconditionally, threw open the gates, and was imprisoned for the rest of his life. Alompra seized all the relations of Talabaan, and ordered them to be executed, unless he should submit within a limited time. Finding all further resistance useless, he surrendered his person to the discretion of the conqueror; who, struck with his generous and noble behaviour, entrusted to him the government of one of the conquered provinces. I have departed from historical truth in supposing, that Talabaan had rescued the princess, when he forced the lines of Alompra; and that he placed her in safety, before he surrendered.

TALABAAN.

I come, Alompra, not to sue for mercy,
But, as thy prisoner, well prepared to bear
The insolent cruelty of new-gain'd power,
And meet my sentence calmly; and am happier
To be thy captive thus, (tho' death awaits me)
Than to have bow'd unharm'd before thy force.
For me I nought capitulate or crave;
But for my kindred amnesty and freedom
As my just right I claim, and here demand
Upon thy profer'd word, which should be sacred.
I am thy prisoner.

ALOMPRA.

Rightly hast thou said;
Alompra's word shall ever sacred prove.
Thy friends, whom I as hostages detain'd,
Are by this act enlarged: but much I grieve,
That thou (whose worth and virtuous gifts I prize)
Alone should'st stand thus frowardly against me,
Scorning both life and safety.—Know, young man,

Alompra is not cruel, nor unjust.
That thou didst storm my tent, defy my power,
And snatch the royal virgin from my grasp,
I freely pardon; and admire the valor,
Which plann'd and executed such mighty deeds.
I ask no ransom for thy head; and now
Obliterate from my heart all injuries,
And give thee freedom, confidence, and honor.
But mark, thou must restore the spotless maiden
To grace my triumph, and to share my bed.
Such is the trivial price of life and freedom.

TALABAAN.

I do not wonder at thy words, Alompra,
Though I despise the tongue, which utters them.
I know ye* Birmans have not hearts for love;
Ye have a gross and selfish appetite
For the ripe beauties of your blooming maids,
And call it love; but feel no tender friendship,
No chaste endearment to their social charms;

* See Symes's Ava.

And never learn'd to prize the angel mind,
Fairer and lovelier, than the spotless form,
Which doth enshrine it.—She is beyond thy reach,
And I regard thee not.

ALOMPRA.

Vain-boasting boy,
I am too gentle towards thine insolence.
But hear me; tho' I scorn the paltry maid,
My force shall wrest her from thine haughty grasp,
Or, by my faith, thy life shall pay for her.

TALAPAAN.

Proud man, it were an easier task to bow
The old and knotty stem, to turn again
The foaming torrent to its rocky source,
Or pluck the immortal planets from the sky,
Than shake the honest faith of love and friendship.
If thou hast never known, what friendship is;
Never upon a fond and kindred bosom
Pillow'd thy bleeding sorrows; never felt
The trembling ecstacy of mutual joys;

Learn, there is magic in that holy name,
Might lull the tortur'd senses to repose
E'en on the burning rack. It is a balm,
Which none, but noble hearts, have ever tasted;
Given by pitying heaven, to heal the wounds
Of undeserved grief and foul oppression!
From earliest cradle were we twins in love;
Together have we smiled, and wept together;
And interchanged such sympathy of thoughts,
That our fond bosoms did together grow
After one model, quality, and fashion:
And, as we ripen'd into youth, our hearts
Still beat in unison. Therefore I value
This precious jewel, (which thou dost despise)
More than the pride of courts, the wealth of worlds,
And all the tyrannous pomp of majesty.
Nor is it spleen, which moves me thus to swear,
She never shall be thine; it is the pure
And natural freedom of an honest heart,
Which (tho' intractable, and proud to stand

In firmest opposition to injustice)
Is ever mild and faithful in affection.
Thou hast mine answer : life and liberty,
Tender'd with such conditions, are most hateful.

ALOMPRA.—*(After a pause.)*

Talábaan, there are, who high in power
Would ill have brook'd the rashness of thy spirit :
And thou hadst rue'd the freedom of thy tongue,
But that the noble fame, which thou hast borne,
Doth somewhat bend me towards thee ; and I smile
To see, a woman hath enthrall'd thy soul.
Talien, there is an eminent post in life
Beyond the ken and thought of humble minds ;
The thunder roars beneath it ; and the storms,
That shake the frail abodes of meaner men,
Howl far below :—'tis sway, unlimited sway,
For which I steer my flight with eagle's eye.
From that high summit the capacious soul,
Which can undazzled meet the nearer ray
Of bright pre-eminence and dignity,

Views cities, empires, rich and boundless realms,
Within the wide horizon of its hopes.
And mine this post must be !* for why should I
(To whom death comes, a necessary end)
Sit down in ease obscure, and vainly cherish
Inglorious age, dull and unprofitable ?
Perchance thou deemest, that Alompra's foes
Lie prostrate, and all-glorious victory
Hath crown'd a mighty war ?—To thee, all-glorious !
To such, whose petty souls were well content
To lose the omnipotent majesty of sway,
And sink upon the lap of wealth and ease !
O never hope to scan Alompra's mind,
Or grasp his projects ! deemest thou, that he,
Whose arm resistless broke the bonds of fate,
And burst from servitude to power and glory,
Pants not to stand supreme in Asia's annals
Lord of each peopled realm and barren strand ?
Learn, thou art now my subject ! and, as such,

* Θανεῖν εἶσιν ἀναγκὰ, &c. PINDAR.

*Talien and Birman find alike regard.

TALABAAN.—*(Interrupting him.)*

I am thy subject now; but, had I found
One sturdy province, bold enough to stand
And struggle by my side for independence,
I had not bow'd, but strove against thy throne
With my last breath.—I fail'd; and these frail limbs
Thine arm may sever; but, what most I prize,
(That jewel bright, which is the light of life)
The self-approving conscience, the dear pledge
And safe assurance of unshaken faith,
Thy power can never reach, nor fury move.

ALOMPRA.

Talábaan, thou bear'st a noble spirit,
But little dost thou ken the hero's soul.
Anger with him is like the passing gale,
Which leaves the day all cloudless and serene;
His breast ne'er glows with vengeance; wide and far
Havoc and desolation mark his course,

* *Tros Tyriusve mihi, &c.* VIRGIL.

As the war's thunder wakes: but, when the din
Of victory has ceased, no vengeance stirs;
The hate of war lies buried with the slain.
Talien, my country groan'd in servile chains
Beneath the insulting foot of thy proud monarch.
My youthful years were silent; unobserv'd,
Unheeded was my path: till the full blaze
Of dauntless genius in meridian glory
Burst forth; and raising high my desperate standard
With thundering voice I roused the sleeping arm
Of heavenly liberty. At that strange sound
The enchanted people rose with one accord;
And, from the giddy seat of empire fallen,
Affrighted Apporaza fled amain
With all his legions.—Nor supine, nor slow,
I follow'd fortune-clad: nor paused the din
Of fell contention, till in fierce array
Before the mighty walls of old Pegue
My proud artillery made such hideous breach,
Your Taliens sued for mercy.—Mean of soul!

They were not then so fallen, that, to win
A shortlived respite, they should bow the knee,
And load disgrace on their posterity!
Dishonorable peace ne'er comes too late;
The brazen note of the relentless war
Sounds sweeter, than the carol of such peace,
Which oft doth, like a spiteful seamaid, sing
To lure its listeners: and such they found it.
The tiger, that has bathed his jaws in gore
Quits not his prey, until he's glutted with it:
Yet thought they, that the man, whose active mind
Grasps at the meed of universal empire
Would be content to clip their frontier towns;
To sit him down in indolence and peace,
And, having feasted on their foul disgrace,
Not thirst to trample on their weaken'd throne.
And deemest *thou*, I view no brighter meed,
No loftier palm of glory, than to rest
Stretch'd here in perfumed bowers, and waste my days
With careless dalliance in a maiden's arms?

So little do I prize the paltry toy,
(Save, that I thought thine all-presuming arm
In wanton pride had torn her from my camp)
That, wilt thou but unbend thy frowning brow,
The bauble shall be thine.

TALABAAN.

To threaten, Prince,
And strait those threats withdraw, awakes suspicion,
Which haply should not harbour in my mind.
For, dearly as I prize this precious boon,
I will not take it, as the rated pledge
Of servile adulation and submission.
Better to perish, innocent and brave,
Than for the rapture of a transient hour,
Sell life's true worth, and fame's immortal crown!
In the proud halls, where lawless pleasures dwell,
The conscious tear steals slowly; nor the voice
Of love, nor music can dispel the gloom,
Whose chilling phantasies assail the bosom.
Thy force, Alompra, has subdued my country,

Broken the feeble neck of opposition,
And now reigns here by conquest; thy fell power
Bestrides our empire with colossal weight:
But, if thou holdest with despotic arm
The iron rod of slaughter o'er the land,
To thee no ties can bind me! if sincere
Thou rul'st her sons with clemency and justice,
Thou need'st no pledge of mine allegiance.

ALOMPRA.

Nor other pledge, Talábaan, shall I seek,
Than the pure spirit of a virtuous bosom.
I scorn to wave the tyrannous lash of power
Over my meanest subject. From this day
Pegue and Ava shall unite their strength,
One mighty fabric, propt by ancient laws.
Be thou my faithful liegeman: much I need
Sage counsellors, to watch my people's weal,
And cure with precious balm the wounds of war.

WILLIAM LAMBERT:

A TALE.

This tale, which may perhaps be thought too simple, is a faithful narrative of a true story.

1799.

One April morn, when violets blow
And warbling songsters pair,
The Lady Margaret sat in bow'r
Braiding her yellow hair.

Lovely she was beyond compare;
For on her blushing face,
On her sweet lip, and joyful eye,
Beam'd every gentle grace;

And in her heart, which ay inclined
At pity's touch to melt,
The sunshine pure of chaste delight,
The tender virtues dwelt.

Her pleasant bower was raised beneath
An elm's delightful shade;
Beyond a verdant river wound
Along the sunny glade.

A little boy with wistful gaze
Stood by the water side;
And, witless what he did, with stones
Disturb'd the shining tide.

His naked legs with flints were cut,
And all with blood besmear'd;
And on his melancholy cheeks
Pale silent grief appear'd.

Fair Margaret gazed, and sigh'd, and gazed,
For pity touch'd her soul:
And from her eyes, the seat of love,
A still drop gently stole.

" Why weep'st, my pretty boy? (she cried)
O tell me why so sad!
And why in rags so rude and torn
Those bleeding limbs are clad?"

The little boy he nought replied;
His lips were numb'd with woe;
But sobs convuls'd his famish'd frame,
And tears gan fast to flow.

" Nay, weep not thus, though cruel wants
Thy little heart assail;
But tell thy friends, those wants shall cease,
If aught my power avail."—

" No friend have I in all the world,
Lady, no friend have I;
But here unpitied and alone
Must Willy bide and die.

My father was a goodly wight
Of famous Birmingham;
A wife and children four had he,
And Lambert was his name.

To sea he went, and far aloof
Sleeps in his watery tomb;
Nor e'er return'd, with pious care
To soothe my mother's doom.

'Twas night: the wet and wintery blast
Came whistling through the shed,
Where faint with want and sad disease
Her feeble limbs were laid.

I saw her faded cheek grow pale,
And pale her rosy mouth;
And dim those eyes, which lately shone
With the sweet smile of youth.

Then low she sunk her feeble head;
Her pulse forgot to play;
The faultering heart-strings throbb'd no more;
The spirit pass'd away.

My sister too, a lovely maid,
The eldest of us four,
Clung to her neck with fainting arms,
And never spoke she more.

Nor long my brothers two survived
To mourn their mother's grave;
While yet they were, we fondly shared
The bread, which pity gave.

Ah me! their little lives are gone!
Woe worth the cruel day!
For grief and hunger wrung their hearts,
And soon they pined away.

But I, the youngest of them all,
Remain to weep alone;
The chilling earth my nightly bed,
My pillow a cold stone."—

"Nay, weep not thus, but hie ye in,
And busk ye in my hall!
For I will clothe thy trembling limbs,
And give thee food withal.

For I will rear thee, pretty page,
To be thy country's pride;
And thou shalt fight fair England's foes,
E'en as thy father did."

The little boy he hied him in,
And busk'd him in the hall;
And soon he was all trimly dight,
And waxed stout withal.

" A boon, (he cried) fair Lady mine!
O send me not to sea!
For thou must be mine only friend,
And I must bide with thee.

O let me here thy garden tend,
Hard by this pleasant bow'r;
Here deck the lawn with careful hand,
And rear each scented flow'r;

The soft primrose, the violet blue,
The glowing celandine;
And cuckoo-buds, and sorrel pale,
And luscious sweet woodbine."

Fair Margaret smiled; the youth remain'd
Hard by her pleasant bow'r,
With grateful heart and careful hand
Rearing each scented flow'r.

To call a blessing on her head
His daily prayer shall rise;
The prayer of innocence forlorn
Snatch'd from the brink of vice.

For plants, that bloom to-day, may fade,
And sweeter bloom again;
But innocence, that once is stain'd,
Shall ne'er its bloom regain.

A RIDDLE.

1799.

From Tweed's rude bank to Georgia's spicy shades,
Where'er her powerful charm fair Venus spreads,
With viewless steps and gentle breath I rove,
Daughter of Peace, and pledge of tender Love.
From cheek to cheek, from lip to lip, I stray;
And the fine nerves my thrilling touch obey.
Born on the blooming face of young Desire,
I live one moment, and the next expire.
Though warm to touch, though lovely as the day,
No eye can trace me, and no hand delay.
From dark Revenge, and Anger's savage eye,
From Hatred's lowering frown, I swiftly fly;
But with the tender solace of a friend
O'er pale Affliction's couch I fondly bend,

And with the sweetness of a mother's smile
Of half its pang the bleeding heart beguile;
And, when fierce Passion from the soul retires,
The cherub Peace my sacred seal requires.
But thou, chaste nymph, who seek'st my hidden name,
Know, that my breath can stir a fatal flame!
By that moist lip, warm cheek, and sparkling eye,
By all the charms, which on that bosom lie,
Though Love invite and Beauty call, beware!
Nor trust the tempting poison, that I bear!

WRITTEN

Immediately after the King's escape from the attempt made against his life by Hadfield.

1800.

If there are Spirits unseen, whose secret care
Soothes the sad bosom of the weeping Fair;
Whose hands immortal guide, where'er they move,
Deserted Innocence and hapless Love:
Some mightier spell protects that chosen breast,
On which a nation's hopes and safety rest!
Then let us bow to him, whose hallow'd arm
Has girt our king with many a potent charm;
To him, by whose command states fall or rise;
Who rolls the storms, and calms the troubled skies!
Nor us alone, whose grateful bosoms glow
With nearer joy at the averted blow;
But all, in every clime, whom social laws
Bind with just feelings to their country's cause;

Who dread to see the democratic storm
Confound their customs and their hearts deform!
O thrice-loved Sire! the public voice shall raise
To thee the hymn of unpolluted praise;
Not that on each wide sea and distant shore
The hand of heaven has crown'd thine arms with pow'r:
But that unmoved mid Europe's changeful storm
Thy care preserves thy country's ancient form;
That still unshaken by the treacherous school,
Which saps the principles of social rule,
Thou never turn'st thee from thy sacred hold,
Misled by falsehood, or by threats appall'd;
That, while in tyrannous Gallia's bleeding land
Rapine and Vice and Power go hand in hand,
The pure example, which thy life imparts,
Corrects our morals and improves our hearts.

TO * * *,

AFTER

THE DEATH OF A BELOVED RELATION.

Though kindred friendship's dearest form
Had fondly wrought a mutual charm,
And doubled nature's tie;
Though fate has dealt a bitter day,
And torn that social charm away;
Yet check the painful sigh!

O! if those balmy tears, that fall,
The parting spirit could recall,
And warm the silent clay;
Then would I bid them doubly flow;
Then would I join the stream of woe,
Lamenting night and day.

That spirit, here so truly loved,
To scenes of brighter joy removed
Still casts a look below;
And oft at hours of secret pray'r,
In dreams of rest, will oft be near,
To soothe the pang of woe.

For (if above it tastes of care)
I deem one only trouble there,
Which damps immortal bliss;
To know the grief, it left behind
In many a dear and kindred mind,
And hear their rising sighs.

Nor thou forget, that mournful here
There live, who mark each starting tear,
And grieve from sympathy;
Whose hearts with anxious wishes burn
To see the smile of joy return,
And light the sparkling eye!

ODE

FOR

THE WAR

ARISING OUT OF

THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

1804.

The metre of this ode is Tuscan, not strictly *Petrarchesque*; for I have neglected the punctuation between the *piedi*, and have made the last line in the first correspond with the first line in the second, which Petrarca never* did, when they consisted, as in these stanzas, of three lines each. I have scrupulously observed the punctuation between the *piedi* and *sirima*, and the law, most sacred to Italians, which forbids the occurrence of a similar rhyme in two stanzas of the same ode; but I have in two instances admitted the same word differently inflected, to which their strictest critics would object. The conclusion of the ode (which the Italians call *ripresa* or *comiato*) corresponds in form (as was customary) with the sirima or last part of the stanzas.

1.

O FREEDOM, (if the unpolluted bays,
Which British hands entwine

---

* "E una delle regole di Dante, che la concordanza di due rime vicine, la qual è laudevolissima nella chiusa, si dee schivar ne piedi." *Tasso, la Cavaletta.*

If I had retained the punctuation between the *piedi*, I should have adhered to this rule.

Around thine honor'd brows, have charms to please
In thy distemper'd years) undaunted seize
War's trumpet from the shrine
Of thine high temple, which our sires did raise!
In these degenerate days
Thou needs must sound a strain most fierce and loud,
Ere the foul sleep of careless sloth be broken,
And the world's sufferings wroken;
For Truth and Honor rest beneath their shroud,
And Peace hath like a treacherous seamaid sung
To lure her listeners with pernicious tongue.

2.

But as who dreaming from his feverish side
In hour of troubled rest
His spouse torn shrieking by the savage arm
Of ruffian outrage, starts in wild alarm;
And to his throbbing breast
With wondering rapture clasps the sleeping bride:
So Britain's goodly pride,
(Which lay awhile oppress'd in horrid trance,

Deeming the breath of freeborn honor stifled,
And all her glories rifled
By the destructive force of hated France)
Started to arms amain, when late she heard
Thy warning, for her fame too long deferr'd.

3.

Disarm'd hath Europe bow'd; on every shore,
Where late the battle roar'd
Tumultuous, Force hath rung sweet Freedom's knell,
And Death and silent Desolation dwell:
But Britain's stubborn sword
Still guards the honors, which our fathers wore.
So when with wild uproar
The banded winds some woody steep assail,
The deep sound murmurs, the whole mountain quakes;
The crashing timber breaks,
And the rent fragments load the rushing gale:
The scath'd oak groans beneath the thunderous shock,
But still unbent o'ershades its native rock.

4.

O God of battles! if thine hallow'd will
Ordain, that Britain fall,
And her proud towers be humbled in the dust;
Thy will is law to us, thy laws are just:
When thy dread heralds call,
Her sons undaunted will their fates fulfill!
But, if thy right-hand still
Uphold us, sooner shall yon vaulted sky
Be rent, and winds upheave this solid earth,
Than England's ancient worth
Beneath a proud assailant vanquish'd lie!
That honest valor, which hath made her great,
Unharm'd shall save her mid the wrecks of fate.

5.

Thou, whose immortal reign is stretch'd above
The everlasting stars;
Whose wrath in tempest sends thy spirits forth;
Whose fiery lances hurtling in the North
Forbode disastrous wars,

When kings conflicting to destruction move;
Thou, whose all-kindling love
More wonderous, fills each breast with holy awe;
Who giv'st the night its phantoms, scattering dread,
To bend the guilty head
With horror, and enforce thy glorious law:
Thou, Lord, shalt hold before us in the fight
Thy shield of virtue and thy sword of right!

6.

Nor ever do the tempests rage in vain,
When fatal whirlwinds speed
To do thy bidding! Thou art our right-hand,
Our glory and salvation! thy command
Has oft in Britain's need
Roused the blown waves to guard her ancient reign!
Witness the stormy main
Laden with wrecks of that huge armament,
Which erst the arch-fiend in wrath from proud Castile
To light the funeral pile
Of our Religion with Hell's torches sent:

Thou spak'st in anger; at the sound the waves
Shook, and Hell trembled in its deepest caves.

7.

Not chance, I deem, on *Christ's all-hallow'd day
Blew that tremendous blast,
Which (when the ships of France with impious boast
Sail'd forth in warlike trim) to Ireland's coast
Wing'd with thy vengeance pass'd
Curling the billows o'er the watery way.
Thine arm with strange dismay,
Thy terror scatter'd them! The shaft of Heaven
Smites not more swiftly, or the burning death
Of Simoom's† fiery breath,
Than dread assail'd them by thy tempest driven;
As wrapt in smoke the doubtful lights of war
Flash'd horrible, and battle roar'd afar.

8.

While Freedom wakes, the foe shall never slake

* The storm, which dispersed the French armament near Bantry bay, began to blow on Christmas eve.

† The burning wind of Abyssinia.

His rage in Britain's shame
Victorious; never was her valor broke,
When confident she dared the impious stroke,
And mindful of her fame
Stretch'd her full might, and bade her youths awake.
But thou, sweet Freedom, take
That charmed trump to thy resistless hands,
Whose strain can well inspire with living force
The pale and breathless corse;
And ever and anon her slothful bands
Rouse with a lengthen'd peal, whose warlike thunder
Of fatal sleep may rend the bonds asunder.

Go boldly forth, my song,
Though rear'd in peaceful shades; and (if the foe
Ask, why the virgin Muse war's clarion sound)
On unpolluted ground
Say thou wert born, where bloodless rivers flow;
But add,—The guardian sword, ere Britain yield,
Her matrons and her tenderest maids shall wield.

IMITATIONS.

V. 35.—Brama toda a montanha, o som murmura;
Rompemse as folhas, ferve a serra erguida.
Camoens.

V. 43.—Vinca, se cosi vuoi,
Vinca lo Scita.—
—I voler tuoi
Legge son ferme a noi. *Filicaja.*

V. 69.——Tu eres diestra
Salud y gloria nuestra. *Herrera.*

V. 78.— ——————Al suon la terra
Si scosse, e ne muggir l'ime caverne.
Ghedino.

V. 90.—Envuelta en humo la dudosa lumbre.
Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola.

SONNET

ON THE

DEATH OF THE BAVARIAN GENERAL TILLY,

WHO WAS KILLED IN 1632, BY A WOUND RECEIVED IN CONTESTING THE PASSAGE OF THE LECH WITH GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Tilly, thine hopes are fallen! by the stream
Of rapid Lech victorious cannons roar
With Swedish vengeance; on the adverse shore
Fraught with thy death the vollied lightnings gleam!
Yet nor those hardy veterans, who seem
To mock* all hinderance; nor those mouths, which pour
The thundering voice of war with fierce uproar;
Nor e'en Gustavus mars thy glorious dream.
But she, who met thee with her ghastly train
Of murder'd babes, (a pale and vengeful ghost)
Sad Magdeburg, in Leipsic's† dubious fight;

---

* The Lech was swollen, and deemed impassable.

† The first great victory gained in Germany by Gustavus Adolphus was over the army commanded by Tilly, near Leipsic,

And with her Heaven's red arm, which o'er the plain
Spread strange dismay: then Victory fled thine host,
And thy bright glories sunk in fatal night.

---

where he had retired from the ruins of Magdeburg, after burning the town and massacring its inhabitants, to the number of 25 or 30,000 souls. Tilly's army, at first successful, was seized by a sudden panick. Schiller observes, in his history of the 30 years war, that after the horrible destruction of Magdeburg, the good fortune, which Tilly had before invariably enjoyed, forsook him altogether.

SONG.

Joy to-night, and care to-morrow!
Dream of bliss, and wake to sorrow!
  Grief may quickly fill its measure;
    Fate may brightest hopes destroy:
But scarce the tear can learn to flow;
And scarce the tongue can talk of woe;
  For long these eyes have beam'd with pleasure,
    Long these lips have whisper'd joy.

Fondest hearts are quickest broken:
Blissful words are easy spoken;
  But, when fancy bleeding lies,
    Lips are mute and cold as clay.
Yet, though the voice of anguish fail,
The eyes be dim, the visage pale,
  Love's glowing passion never dies,
    Till the pulse forgets to play.

ANACREONTICS.

FAIREST! if by night or day,
Ne'er in wish from thee to stray,
Nor in hours of lonely leisure
Ever woo a sweeter pleasure,
Than to bid the anxious thought
Dwell on thee, with rapture fraught;
If to deem the breath of youth,
Perfum'd by thy fragrant mouth,
Fresher, than the gale, which blows
O'er the dew-besprinkled rose;
If to hold, that who might rest
Pillow'd on that gentle breast,
Were more than Eastern monarchs blest;
If to worship thee, and swear
None are sweet or good or fair,

That each graceful shape is rude,
Near thy perfect image view'd;
If to deem thy cheerful smile
Rich with charms, that might beguile
E'en the latest pang of death,
Be the surest pledge of faith:
Think not, that, when doom'd to part
From that treasure of my heart,
These fond thoughts can e'er forget
Hours of bliss, that quickly fleet;
Or, when billows swell between,
Meet with joy another scene!
For to me nor tuneful measure,
Social jest or dearer pleasure,
Joyous seem, when far from thee;
In whose nature sweet and free
All the gentlest virtues vie,
Beauty, mirth, and modesty.
When I miss thy lovely form,
Beauty loses every charm;

Friendship lacks its dearest tie,
Music all its melody.
Still, where'er thy footsteps stray,
Secret vows will win their way;
Ardent wishes, born of youth,
Nurs'd by faith and constant truth;
And, across the envious sea,
Wing their anxious flight to thee.

TO

THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND THOMAS BRIGSTOCK.

Dear lost companion of my earliest joys!
If lingering yet thy spirit haunt the fields,
Where blithesome once we stray'd, and young in care,
Thou se'est me still unchanged; this mindful heart
From all the pomp and turmoil of the world
Still faithful turns to thee; and oft retires
In the dark covert of some aged grove,
To muse with solitude and sad regret:
What time the nightingale in shady brake,
Where the low hazel or the tangled thorn
Veils her from vulgar eye, with querulous note
Warbles, as mindful of a gentle friend.
And soothing is her lay, to one, who grieves
In placid sorrow, at the fall of eve
Marking the ruddy light that fades away,
And the still moonbeam steal upon the leaves.
How oft retiring from the giddy crowd

At sober evening, when the setting sun
Skirted the western clouds with varied light,
We mused unseen upon the goodly forms
Of smiling nature! Sometimes, when the year
Put forth its budding charms, we lov'd to mark
The pale anemone, that softly rear'd
Its modest head beneath the leafless brake,
Delightful herald of returning spring.
Then as we saw the year roll slowly on
Breathing new sweets, and opening fresh delight
Of shade and pasture, bloom and luscious fruit,
Led by delusive rapture oft we stretch'd
Our anxious thoughts into the viewless maze
Of that wide world, through which our journey lay
Doubtful and distant; now with sorrow dark,
Now gilded with bright hopes and fancy gay.
But ever as I mark'd the secret hand
Of baneful sickness, slow and unrestrain'd,
Prey on thine alter'd form, (which late had glow'd
With beauty and with strength above thy peers)

A bodeful tear would rush into mine eyes;
And a wild thought would beat against my heart
That life's eventful journey must be trod
Without that loved companion, whom my soul
Had chosen in the guileless hour of youth;
Who should with me have stretch'd the towering wing
E'en to Ambition's height; and should (if ere
Propitious Fortune smiled) have shared the meed
Of that fair fame, we panted to deserve.
Thy lamp soon wasted; it had burnt too bright,
And sunder'd the frail tenement of life,
That shrowded its pure beams. O! thou art gone;
Thy grave has long been strewn; and those, who erst
Sported with thee in youth or turn'd the page
Of infant learning, have well nigh forgot
That once thou wert, and did'st in all excell.
But never from this breast, this mindful soul,
Shall pass thine image, which is graven there
With friendship's first impression; nor the thought
Of those delightful days, when life was new,

And we together cull'd its budding sweets
Careless of coming woe. But ne'er for thee
Pale sorrow spread her melancholy board ;
Thou ne'er didst taste of grief. The tender down
Of manhood scarce had tinged thy blooming cheek,
When the cold hand of all-consuming death
Nipp'd thy fair promise. Thou didst never learn
The treachery of joy, the loss of friends,
The pangs of hapless love : thy glowing heart
Imagin'd days of rapture, fondly dream'd
Of more than mortal charms ; nor ever waked
To wipe fell sorrow's tear :—for few are they,
Whose earliest fancy crowns their days with joy ;
But oft through woe, and anguish, and despair,
Man wanders t'wards the port of tranquil bliss.
Thou didst not hear the deadly cry of France,
Which, like the crash of an upbreaking world
Appall'd all Europe, from the utmost bound
Of Finisterre to Moscow's forests hoar,
And shook old Ocean's reign : thou didst not see

The impious Fiend of democratic war
Let loose its havoc, tearing from their base
The monuments of power, the massive seats
Of ancient empire and religious sway;
Thou didst not mark from every mangled realm
The pang of horror vibrate to the heart
Of thy dear country; else the piteous groan
Of sullied Freedom and dismember'd states
Had rung e'en to thy soul. For thou wast kind
In nature, and thy breast would throb to hear
Of high atchievements, and the valor old
Of chiefs recorded in historic page,
Who by fair deeds and honorable strife
Upheld our England's fame. Therefore I deem,
Though torn untimely from our fond embrace,
Thee blest above thy peers; whose sleep of death
(Ere fate had dealt one night of restless woe)
Stole unperceiv'd on thy delighted youth.

THE END.

JOYCE GOLD, PRINTER, SHOE-LANE.

SELECT

ICELANDIC POETRY,

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH NOTES.

PART SECOND.

———Opifex numeris veterum primordia vocum
Atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse.

PERSIUS.

London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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SKIRNER'S EXPEDITION.

From the old Icelandic in Semund's Edda.

1805.

Freyr, son of Niorder, dwelt in Hlidskialf, and discerned the whole world. He looked towards Jotunheim*, and there he saw a beautiful virgin, going to bower from the hall of her father. Hence was his mind grievously affected. His attendant† was named Skirner. Niorder bade him ask for a conference with Freyr. Then Scada‡ sung.

"Skirner, arise! and swiftly run,
Where lonely sits our pensive son!
Bid him to parley, and enquire,
Gainst whom he teems with sullen ire."

* For an account of Jotunheim, the Jotuns, Thursi, Vani, Alfa and Asi, see part 1st, notes on the Song of Thrym.

† *Scweinn*, literally shoe-swain.

‡ Scada was the wife of Niorder.

SKIRNER sung.

" Ill words, I fear, my lot will prove,
If I thy son attempt to move;
If I bid parley, and enquire,
Why teems his soul with savage ire."

SKIRNER sung.

" Prince of the Gods and first in fight,
Speak, honor'd Freyr, and tell me right!
Why spends my Lord the tedious day
In his lone hall to grief a prey?"

FREYR sung.

" O how shall I, fond youth, disclose
To thee my bosom's heavy woes?
The ruddy God shines every day,
But dull to me his cheerful ray."

SKIRNER sung.

" Thy sorrows deem not I so great,
That thou the tale shouldst not relate.
Together sported we in youth,
And well may trust each other's truth."

FREYR sung.

" In Gymer's court I saw her move,
The maid, who fires my breast with love.
Her snow-white arms and bosom fair
Shone lovely, kindling sea and air.
Dear is she to my wishes more,
Than ere was maid to youth before:
But *Gods and Elfs, I wot it well,
Forbid, that we together dwell."

SKIRNER sung.

" Give me that horse of wonderous breed
To cross the nightly flame† with speed;
And that self-brandish'd sword to smite
The giant race with strange affright."

FREYR sung.

" To thee I give this wonderous steed
To pass the watchful fire with speed;

---

* Asi and Alfi.

† The bower of Gerda was surrounded with fire, like that of Brynhilda, whose history is related at length in the notes

And this, which borne by valiant wight
Self-brandish'd will his foemen smite."

SKIRNER addressed his horse.

"Dark night is spread; 'tis time, I trow,
To climb the mountains hoar with snow.
Both shall return, or both remain
In durance by the giant ta'en."

Skirner rode into Jotunheim to the court of Gymer: furious dogs were tied there before the door of the wooden enclosure, which surrounded Gerda's bower. He rode towards a shepherd, who was sitting on a mound, and addressed him:

"Shepherd, who sittest on the mound,
And turn'st thy watchful eyes around,
How may I lull these bloodhounds, say!
How speak unharm'd with Gymer's may*!"

THE SHEPHERD sung

"Whence, and what art thou? doom'd to die,
Or dead revisitest the sky?

* May, maid.

For ride by night, or ride by day,
Thou ne'er shalt come to Gymer's may."

SKIRNER sung.

" I grieve not, I; a better part
Fits him, who boasts a ready heart.
At hour of birth our lives were shaped;
The doom of Fate can ne'er be scaped."

GERDA sung.

" What sounds unknown mine ears invade,
Frighting this mansion's peaceful shade?
The earth's foundation rocks withal,
And trembling shakes all Gymer's hall."

THE ATTENDANT sung.

" Dismounted stands a warrior sheen;
His courser crops the herbage green."

GERDA sung.

' Haste, bid him to my bower with speed,
To quaff unmix'd the pleasant mead:
And good betide us!* for I fear
My brother's murderer is near.—

* The duties of hospitality were held so sacred amongst the nor-

What art thou? Elf, or Asian son?
Or from the wiser Vanians sprung?
Alone to visit our abode
O'er bickering flames why hast thou rode?"

SKIRNER sung.

"Nor Elf am I, nor Asian son;
Nor from the wiser Vanians sprung:
Yet o'er the bickering flames I rode
Alone to visit your abode.
Eleven apples here I hold,
Gerda, for thee, of purest gold;
Let this fair gift thy bosom move
To grant young Freyr thy precious love."

GERDA sung.

"Eleven apples take not I
From man, as price of chastity!
While life remains, no tongue shall tell,
That Freyr and I together dwell."

---

thern nations, that Gerda would not refuse admittance to Skirner, though she imagined him to be her greatest enemy.

SKIRNER sung.

"Gerda, for thee this wonderous ring
Burnt on young Balder's pile I bring;
On each ninth night shall other eight
Drop from it, all of equal weight."

GERDA sung.

"I take not, I, that wonderous ring,
Though it from Balder's pile you bring.
Gold lack not I in Gymer's bower;
Enough for me my father's dower."

SKIRNER sung.

"Behold this bright and slender brand
Unsheath'd and glittering in my hand;
Deny not, maiden! lest thine head
Be sever'd by the trenchant blade."

GERDA sung.

"Gerda will ne'er by force be led
To grace a conqueror's hateful bed:
But this, I trow, with main and might
Gymer shall meet thy boast in fight."

SKIRNER sung.

"Behold this bright and slender brand
Unsheath'd, and glittering in my hand!
Slain by its edge thy sire shall lie;
That giant old is doom'd to die.
E'en as I list, the magic wand
Shall tame thee! Lo, with charmed hand
I touch thee, Maid! There shalt thou go,
Where never man shall learn thy woe.
On some high pointed rock forlorn
Like eagle* shalt thou sit at morn;
Turn from the world's all-cheering light,
And seek the deep abyss of night:
Food shall to thee more loathly shew,
Than slimy †serpent creeping slow.
When forth thou com'st, a hideous sight,
Each wondering eye shall stare with fright.

---

* Eagles are said to sit without moving for a long time upon some high eminence in the morning.

† Perhaps alluding to the serpent of Midgard in the Icelandic Mythology.

By all observ'd, yet sad and lone;
'Mongst shivering *Thursians wider known,
Than him, who sits unmov'd on high
The †Guard of heaven with sleepless eye.
Mid charms, and chains, and restless woe,
Thy tears with double grief shall flow.
Now seat thee, Maid, while I declare
Thy tide of sorrow and despair.
Thy bower shall be some Giant's cell,
Where phantoms pale shall with thee dwell.
Each day to the cold Thursian's hall
Comfortless, wretched, shalt thou crawl;
Instead of joy and pleasure gay
Sorrow and tears and sad dismay;
With some three-headed Thursian wed,
Or pine upon a lonely bed.
From morn till morn love's secret fire
Shall gnaw thine heart with vain desire;

* *Hrim-thursar. Hrim (Anglice rime)* was spoken with a guttural aspiration; and probably *Crim-tartary*, the former seat of the Asi, was so called from its cold.

† Heimdallar. See part 1st, p. 28.

Like barren root of thistle pent
In some high ruin'd battlement.
O'er shady hill, through greenwood round,
I sought this wand; the wand I found.
Odin is wroth, and mighty Thor;
E'en Freyr shall now thy name abhor.
But ere o'er thine ill-fated head
The last dread curse of Heaven be spread,
Giants and Thursians far and near,
Suttungur's *sons, and Asians, hear,

---

* Suttungur, the son of Gilling, was a giant, and possessed the liquor of poetry, which he had gained from the Dwarfs. It is related in the Edda, *(Resenius's edition, c. 60, &c.)* that the Asi and Vani, having been long at war, made peace, and spit into a vase. From this the Gods formed Kuaser, a person of exceeding learning; and the Dwarfs mixed his blood with honey, and so made the liquor of poetry. The Vani were a Grecian colony, and this fable seems to imply, that both the learning and the poetry of the North was partly of Greek origin. Odin, under the feigned name of Bolverk, entered into the service of Bauge, brother of Suttungur, and drank up the liquor. A small quantity of it, which he spilt, was scattered amongst men. It is observable, that the name of *Suttungur*, from whom Odin gained this liquor, may denote, that he derived his poetry from the *Southern tongues*.

How I forbid with fatal ban
This maid the joys, the fruit, of man!
Cold Grimmer is that giant hight,
Who thee shall hold in realms of night;
Where slaves in cups of twisted roots
Shall bring foul beverage from the goats:
Nor sweeter draught, nor blither fare,
Shalt thou, sad Virgin, ever share.
'Tis done! I wind the mystic charm;
Thus, thus, I trace the giant form;
And three fell characters below,
Fury, and Lust, and restless Woe.
E'en as I wound, I strait unwind
This fatal spell, if thou art kind."

GERDA sung.

"Now hail, now hail, thou warrior bold!
Take, take this cup of crystal cold,
And quaff the pure metheglin old!
Yet deem'd I ne'er, that love could bind
To Vanian youth my hostile mind."

SKIRNER sung.

" I turn not home to bower or hall,
Till I have learnt mine errand all;
Where thou wilt yield the night of joy
To brave Niorder's gallant boy."

GERDA sung.

" Barri is hight the seat of love;
Nine nights elaps'd, in that known grove
Shall brave Niorder's gallant boy
From Gerda take the kiss of joy."

Then rode Skirner home. Freyr stood forth and hailed him, and asked, what tidings.

" Speak, Skirner, speak, and tell with speed!
Take not the harness from thy steed,
Nor stir thy foot, till thou hast said,
How fares my love with Gymer's maid!"

SKIRNER sung.

" Barri is hight the seat of love;
Nine nights elaps'd, in that known grove

To brave Niorder's gallant boy
Will Gerda yield the kiss of joy."

FREYR sung.

"Long is one night, and longer twain;
But how for three endure my pain!
A month of rapture sooner flies,
Than half one night of wishful sighs."

BRYNHILDA'S RIDE TO HELL*.

From the old Icelandic in Sæmund's Edda, M. S.

1805.

After the death of Brynhilda two funeral piles were constructed; one for Sigurd, and that was burnt first; but Brynhilda was burnt on the other, and she was borne on a vehicle tented with precious cloth. It is said, that Brynhilda went in this vehicle along the road to Hell, and passed by a habitation, where dwelt a certain giantess. The giantess sung.

"Hence avaunt! nor dare invade
This pillar'd mansion's rocky shade!
Better at home thy needle ply,
Than thus our secret dwelling spy;

* Helveg, the road to Hell; or perhaps it only means *the funereal road*. I have subjoined an account of the history of Brynhilda, without which the verses will not be easily understood.

O faithless head of Valland's race,
Darest thou approach this charmed place?
Many a wolf, that howl'd for food,
Thou didst sate with human blood!"

BRYNHILDA sung.

"Maid of the rock, upbraid not me,
Though pirate-like I plough'd the sea!
Those, who kenn'd my early merit,
Shall ever praise my lofty spirit."

GIANTESS sung.

"I know thee well, ill-fated dame!
Thy sire was Budla, Brynhilda thy name!
Thou didst Giuka's race destroy,
And turn to plaint his kingdom's joy!"

BRYNHILDA sung.

"Hateful head, if thou wouldst know,
I will tell my tale of woe;

V. 5. "Valland; Gallia occidentalis et maritima plerumque hôc significatur in historiis Arctois." *M. S. Lex.*—"Vallir; Galli, ejusque regionis incolæ." *Ib.*

How the heirs of Giuka's realm
Did my perjured love o'erwhelm.
Beneath an oak by mournful spell
The angry monarch garr'd me dwell.
Twelve years I counted and no more,
When faith to Sigurd young I swore.
Mongst Hlyndale's warriors was I hight
Hilda clad in helmet bright.
Helmgunnar old this arm did fell;
This falchion sent his soul to hell:
Glory I gave Audbrodur young;
But Odin's wrath wax'd fierce and strong.
His powerful wand my senses bound,
And burnish'd shields were piled around;
And he should break my sleep alone,
Who ne'er the breath of fear had known.
Wide around my strange abode
With blazing fire the forest glow'd;

V. 22. *Monarch.* Odin, or perhaps her father Budla.
V. 23. This alludes to her first interview with Sigurd.

And none might pass, though wise and bold,
Save who should bring stern Fofner's gold.
The generous lord stout Grana bore,
Whose might had won that precious store.
My foster-father bade me wed
The stranger to my lonely bed;
And seem'd that youth alone more bold,
Than all the chiefs, that Denmark told.
Darkling we slept from eve till morn,
As he had been my brother born;
Eight nights the peaceful couch we shared,
Nor hand was stirr'd, nor touch was dared.
Yet hence did proud Gudruna say,
In Sigurd's arms Brynhilda lay:
This well I wot, Brynhilda ne'er
Would brook their foul disloyal snare.
Women and men were born in strife
To spend the anxious hours of life;

V. 39. Grana was the horse of Sigurd.

Now, join'd by death's all-healing pow'r,
Sigurd and I shall part no more.—
Giantess, avaunt!"--------

"*After this* (says Norna Gests Saga) *the giantess howled frightfully, and rushed into the caverns of the mountain.*"

NOTES

ON

BRYNHILDA's RIDE TO HELL.

These verses are imperfectly quoted from the Edda in Norna Gests Saga; c. 8. where v. 25 and 26 are omitted.

Heto mic allir i Hlyndaulom
Hildr undir hialmi, hverr er kunni.

The MS. in the museum varies also in several lines, some of which are evidently corrupt: for instance, instead of *Fafnisdynu*, *the pillow of Fofner*, the MS. gives *Gull tha er und Fafni la*, *the gold that lay under Fofner*; which is clearly an explanation, that has crept into the text.

The verses in Norna Gests Saga are prefaced by the following introduction.—"When Brynhilda was carried out to be burnt, she was borne near some rocks.

A giantess dwelt there; her complexion was swarthy, and she was standing in a skin garment before the entrance of a cave. In her hand she held a long wand, and she said; *This will I add to thy pile, Brynhilda; and it had been better, thou hadst been burnt alive for thy foul deeds, who didst let slay Sigurd Fafnisbana, a man so illustrious. Often was I propitious to him, and therefore will I sing vengeful words against thee, that thou mayst become more hateful to all, who shall hear what is said of thee.* After that Brynhilda and the giantess began to utter incantations against each other."

The tragic history of Sigurd and Brynhilda (properly Brynhildr) is told at length in the unpublished part of Sæmund's Edda, and in Volsunga Saga; from which I have abridged an account, which will be sufficient to make these stanzas intelligible.

Sigurd, son of Hiordys and king of Sigmund, was educated, according to the old Northern custom, by his foster-father, whose name was Reigin. The father of Reigin had possessed a ring and a wonderous store of

gold, which Odin had taken from the dwarf Andrare, who had foretold that it would prove the bane of all, who should acquire it. Fofner, the brother of Reigin, slew his father, and took possession of all that treasure. It is said in Volsunga Saga, that "after that he became so savage, that he kept aloof, and suffered none but himself to enjoy his wealth; and that he became at last the worst of serpents, and lay upon the treasure." Much has been said, and many ingenious suggestions have been advanced, concerning the dragons of fabulous history, who watched over treasures and imprisoned damsels. It appears in Volsunga Saga, that it was a figurative expression; for Reigin says therein to Sigurd, speaking of his brother Fofner, "*Thad er ecke voxtur epter hætte lingorma, og er giort af miklu meirra en er*," *i. e.* "He is not actually shaped after the fashion of a snake, and much more hath been made of this, than is true." Sigurd bore the device of a serpent upon his shield, after he had slain this Fofner; to which he was excited by Reigin, who had been defrauded of his share

in his father's treasure. After the performance of this feat, which procured him the surname of Fafnisbana, he slew Reigin also, who had incurred his suspicion, and took possession of all Fofner's gold. Then stretching southward towards the French frontier, he arrived at the mountain called Hindarfiall; and there he beheld a great light, as of flaming fire, which blazed even to the heavens: and when he reached it, he saw a fortification of shields, and above a standard; and a warrior lay within in complete armour. First he took off the helmet; and saw, that it was a woman, clothed in a coat of mail, that adhered even to her skin. Sigurd rent the mail from head to foot, as if it had been a garment; and said that she had slept long enough. "Who is this," (replied she) "of might sufficient to rend my armour, and to break my sleep? Art thou Sigurd Sigmundsson, and bearest the helmet of Fofner, and the sword which slew him?" Sigurd replied, "I am of the race of Volsung; and this have I done, for that I heard thou wert a rich princess, excelling in beauty and in wisdom,

and that would I certify." Brynhilda answered, "Two kings contended, one hight Hialmgunnar, and he was old, but of mickle might, and Odin had promised him the victory; the other was Agnar or Audbrother: and I fell.d Hialmgunnar in fight; but Odin struck my head with the sleepy-thorn, and said I should never be again victorious, and should be hereafter wedded; but I vowed strongly against him, never to be wedded to any man, who could fear." After this Brynhilda, who was deeply skilled in incantations, conversed with Sigurd on mystic and moral lore, and displayed great wisdom: and Sigurd said, "No wiser woman have I beheld, and thee I swear to marry, even if I might chuse amongst all mankind;" and they both pledged their faith. Then Sigurd rode away; his shield was manyfold, and burnished with ruddy gold; a dragon was graven on it, dark brown above, and of brilliant red below; and even so was his helmet, and saddle, and furniture. His breastplate was golden, and all his armour studded with gold. He is said to

have excelled all men in courtesy and valor, in symmetry of stature, in active exercises, in eloquence and wisdom: therefore, saith Volsunga Saga, his name is celebrated in every language north of the Grecian sea, and so it will be, as long as the world shall last. Sigurd rode, till he arrived at a large town, where lived a prince named Heimer, who was married to the sister of Brynhilda. There was he cordially received by them and their son Alsvidur, and deposited all his treasure. Meanwhile Brynhilda had returned to the court of Heimer, and dwelt apart amongst her virgins, excelling all women in works of art. She broidered in gold the mighty deeds of Sigurd, the slaughter of the serpent, the rape of his treasure, and the death of Reigin. It chanced one day, that Sigurd rode into the forest with hound and hawk, and much attendance; and, ere he returned, his hawk flew up to a tower, and perched in a small window. Sigurd pursued his bird, and entered the abode of Brynhilda, where he beheld a maid of exceding beauty, and much was he smitten with her per-

son and her handywork. And when Sigurd came to hall, he would converse with no man; and Alsvidur questioned him courteously touching his sadness; and Sigurd answered, "Good my friends, hear, why I am thoughtful. My hawk flew into a tower; and, as I would take him, I beheld a lovely woman; and she was broidering with gold the feats, which I have performed." Alsvidur replied, "Thou sawest Brynhilda, the daughter of Budla; and she is famous in war: but take not thou thought of her, for no man would she ever suffer near her, nor pour out the wine for any one." Sigurd said, that he preferred her to all women, and that he should try, whether she would deny him. The next day went Sigurd to Brynhilda, and she received him in a rich apartment; it was hung with the costliest cloths, and the floor was carpeted; and she held a golden cup, and bade him drink. Sigurd took her by the hand, and seated her by his side and kissed her, saying, "No woman was ever born so lovely; and that will be the best of days, when we shall be

united." Brynhilda replied, that she was destined to pass her life in warfare, and that he must espouse Gudruna, the daughter of Giuka. But Sigurd swore by the Gods, that he would marry her or no one: and she pledged herself likewise unto Sigurd; and he gave her the golden ring of Andvare. And it came to pass, that Sigurd went to the court of Giuka, bearing with him all his wealth; and the wife of Giuka thought to divert his love from Brynhilda, that he might espouse her daughter: and she gave him a charmed draft, which when he had drunk, he forgot Brynhilda; and he abided there and married Gudruna, and her brothers Gunnar and Hogni were his companions in arms.

The fame of Brynhilda's beauty had long reached the court of Giuka, and Gunnar resolved to win her; and he prayed Sigurd and Hogni to accompany him on his journey. They first visited king Budla, and then proceeded to Hlymdale, where the damsel dwelt.—Heimer received them well, and told them, that she would marry him, who could ride through the flaming fire,

that burned round her habitation. They beheld her tower shine with gold, and the furnace blazed all about it. Gunnar forced his steed towards the fire, but it started back; and he requested Sigurd to lend him his horse Grana, but Grana would not stir with his new rider. Then Gunnar and Sigurd changed steeds again. Sigurd held the sword, which had slain Fofner, and bound on his golden spurs; and when Grana knew the spur, he rushed into the flames; and a loud sound arose, and the fire raged more fiercely: as it is told in the poetry of the Edda, "*The earth gan shake, and the furnace bickered high towards heaven; few would have dared those royal deeds, to ride through or to spring over the flames. Sigurd smote Grana with his sword; the furnace slackened before the king; all the flames were laid before him, who sought renown. He rode with the gold*, which Reigin had possessed.*"—

* *Gold*; in the Icelandic, *blik*. Biörner, in Volsunga Saga, translates it, *the horse*, which does not accord with the story; and I do not imagine, that the word can bear that signification. It means *splendor*, and is poetically used for *gold*. In the MS. Lexicon, in

And when Sigurd had passed the furnace, he found a splendid mansion, and there sat Brynhilda. She asked what man it was, and he named himself Gunnar Giuka-son, and said; "Thou art my bride with thy sire's consent; for that I have rode through the fire, as thou with thy fosterfather Heimer hast conditioned." Brynhilda answered mournfully from her seat, as a swan on the salt-lake; the sword was in her hand, the helmet upon her head, and she was clothed in mail. Three nights he dwelt there, and they rested in one bed, but he placed his sword Gram between them. He took from her hand the ring of Andvare, and gave her another in its stead. Then went Brynhilda to Heimer, and told him what had befallen her; and he said; "So must it be; the condition shall be fulfilled." Sigurd and the brothers returned to the court of Giuka; and after went king Budla, and his daughter, and his son

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the Museum, I find, "*Blik, nitor; in Eddâ pro auro;*" which I believe alludes to this passage, for the word does not occur in the part, which is published.

Atla with a mighty retinue; and the nuptials were held with high solemnity. And when some days had passed, Sigurd recollected his oath to Brynhilda, but he held his peace: and Gunnar and Brynhilda dwelt together with good sport and banqueting.

It chanced one day, that Gudruna and Brynhilda went forth to bathe in the waters of the Rhine; and Brynhilda went into the deeper water, saying; "I will in nothing be equalled by thee; for my father was more powerful than thine, and my husband hath performed greater feats, and he rode through the burning fire, but thine was the servant of king *Hialfrec."—Gudruna answered wrathfully, "It savours not of wisdom to upbraid my husband, who is renowned as the first of men: and ill doth it become thee, since he lay with thee before thy husband; 'twas he slew Fofner, and rode through the flames, when thou didst think it

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* Hialfrec married the mother of Sigurd, after his father's death.

had been Gunnar: and he slept with thee, and took the ring of Andvare, and here mayst thou behold it." Brynhilda saw the ring and knew it, and the paleness of death came over her; she returned home, and spake not a word during the evening. And Brynhilda fell sick, and kept her bed; which, when Gunnar heard, he went to her, and questioned her: but she answered him not, and lay as if she were dead. When he urged her more, she said; "What hast thou done with the ring, I gave thee, which I received from my father Budla at our last parting, when thou didst come to him with king Giuka, and threaten fire and desolation, if ye obtained not me? After that he conversed with me, and asked which amongst ye I would chuse; but I offered to defend the country, and to lead a third of the army to battle. Two alternatives were proposed to me; to marry according to his will, or to lose his inheritance and friendship; and he said, that his friendship would be better than his wrath. I considered, that I was too weak to resist, and I engaged to marry him, who

should ride the horse Grana with the gold of Fofner, and pass through the blazing fire, and slay those whom I named. Now did none, save Sigurd, dare to ride through the furnace; for he lacked not courage: he killed the serpent, and Reigin, and five other kings; but thou, Gunnar, wert pale, as a corse; and art neither king, nor warrior. And I vowed solemnly at home, to bestow my love on the most excellent alone, and that was Sigurd; now am I perjured, and therefore will I contrive his death."—Gunnar reproached her with the murder of those, she had killed in battle; and she attempted to slay him, but Hogni prevented her: and after that she remained some days without food, and spoke to nobody. Then Sigurd went to Brynhilda, and said; "Awake, Brynhilda; the sun shines throughout the whole city, and thou hast slept enough. Cast aside thy sorrow, and be joyful."—"How darest thou" (replied Brynhilda) "visit me, since no man hath acted towards me more treacherously?"—"If thou deemest me hostile," (said Sigurd) "thy reason errs; the

husband of thy choice is thine."—"No," (answered she) "Gunnar rode not through the fire, and paid not to me the dower of slaughtered chiefs. I wondered at the man, who entered my apartment, and I thought that I recognised thine eyes; but I could not distinguish with certainty, on account of the covering, in which I was enveloped for my misfortune. But thou didst overthrow the serpent, and ride through the furnace, and not the son of Giuka; nor hath my soul ever smiled to Gunnar, but he hath been always hateful to me, though I concealed my disgust. Sigurd, I well remember the oaths, which we swore at Hindarfiall, but they are broken; and sooner would I perish now, than violate my faith to Gunnar. I chuse not two husbands in one abode, and never shall I be at rest, till the sword be reddened with thy blood."—When Sigurd had departed, Brynhilda excited Gunnar to slay him, together with his child; protesting, that otherwise she would withdraw herself from his bed, and return to her own relations. And as she was the most beautiful of women,

and Gunnar loved her passionately, he excited his brother Guttormur to perform the execrable deed; for as he and Hogni were the sworn companions of Sigurd, they dared not injure him. In the morning Guttormur entered the chamber of Sigurd, who was sleeping in the arms of Gudruna, and slew him; but Sigurd, waking with the deadly wound, smote Guttormur with his sword, and they both perished. Then Brynhilda ordered a great funeral pile to be constructed; and she placed herself on the pile with the dead bodies, and they were burnt together with five females and eight male slaves, whom her father had given her: for thus, she said, the obsequies of Sigurd would be fit and honorable.

V. 31. "*I Skatalundi.*"—I can find no account of this word. Peringskiöld in Norn. G. Saga translates it "Ille mihi *caput* soporiferâ hastâ percussit." In the MS. Skatalundi appears to be two words.—*Lundr* is a grove.

V. 26. "*Hilda.*"—"Brynhilldur for med hialm og *brinju*, og gieck ad vigum, og thvi var hun kollud Brynhilldur." i. e. "Brynhilda went with helmet and *coat of mail*, and sallied forth to war, and therefore was she called Bryn-hilda." *Volsunga Saga*, c. 32.

V. 47. "*Eight nights.*" The prose account says three nights.

THE

DYING SONG

OF

REGNER LODBROCK.

Translated from the old Icelandic.

1804.

Regner Lodbrock was killed in 794, by vipers applied to a wound in his breast, having been taken prisoner by Ella, in Northumberland.—These lines are supposed to be spoken by Regner in the hour of death, and by many persons they are believed to have been really his composition; but probably the account is true, that they were written by the Scald Brage, after his death, at the request of his widow Aslauga. N. B. I have omitted eight stanzas, giving an account of various engagements, which, from their similarity, might be thought tedious.

1.

We *smote with swords; nor long, before
In arms I reach'd the Gothic† shore,
To work the loathly serpent's death.
I slew the reptile of the heath;

* *Hinggion river*, we hewed.

† Gothland, in Sweden.

My prize was *Thora; from that fight
Mongst warriors am I Lodbrock hight.
I pierced the monster's scaly side
With steel, the soldier's wealth and pride.

2.

We smote with swords; in early youth
I fought by Eyra's† billowy mouth.
Where high the echoing basnites rung
To the hard javelin's iron tongue,
The wolf and golden-footed‡ bird
Glean'd plenteous harvest of the sword.
Dark grew the ocean's swollen water;
The raven waded deep in slaughter.

3.

We smote with swords; ere twenty years
Were number'd, in the din of spears

* Thora was guarded by a serpent, which Regner slew, having protected himself against its poison, by fleecy brogues, whence he was called Lod-brock. He espoused Thora.

† The Sound.

‡ The eagle.

I rear'd my armed hand, and spread
The tide of battle fierce and red.
Eight earls my weighty arm subdued
Eastward by Dwina's icy flood;
There the gaunt falcon lack'd not food.
The sweat of death distain'd the wave;
The army tined* its warriors brave.

4.

We smote with swords; fierce Hedin's† queen
Mid the hot storm of war was seen,
When ‡Helsing's youths to Odin's hall
We bade, and garr'd her prowess fall.
Our vessels plough'd through Ifa's flood;
The arrows stung; the stream was blood.
Brands grated on the mail, and through
Cleft shields the death-fraught lances flew.

---

* Tined, *lost*, Icel. *tyndi*.

† Hilda, goddess of war.

‡ *Helsing*. Part of the coast of the gulph of Bothnia.

5.

We smote with swords; none fled, I trow*,
Ere on the masted galley's prow
Bold Herraud fell: no fairer earl
Did e'er his bellying sail unfurl
On winged †steeds, that spurn the main
Cleaving the seafowl's lonely reign;
No lord in ‡stour more widely fear'd
To distant port his vessel steer'd.
That glorious chieftain's glowing heart
In fight ay sought the foremost part.

6.

We smote with swords; in fierce affray
The warriors cast their shields away:
By rifling steel with fury driven
Many a fearless breast was riven;

---

* *I trow;* Icelandic, *Hygg ee,* I think.

† Ships.

‡ *Stour,* Icel. *styr,* war.

And, midst the din, from Skarpa's* rock
Echo'd the falchion's sounding shock.
The iron orbs with blood were dyed,
Ere sunk king Rafen's youthful pride.
Hot streaming from each valiant head
Sweat on coats of mail was shed.

7.

We smote with swords; near Inder's† shore
A sumptuous meal the ravens tore;
Nor carnage lack'd to glut those ‡steeds,
On which the sorceress Vala speeds.
'Twas hard to 'scape unharm'd that day:
When peer'd the sun's first dawning ray,
Shafts saw I starting from the string;
The bent bow made the metal ring.

---

* *Skarpa or Skarfa skerium.* Probably Skarp-ey on the coast of Norway. From sker, a rock, and skarpr, sharp, or skarfur, sea-fowl.

† *Inder.* Probably an island near Trondhiem.

‡ Beasts of prey, on which the sorceresses were supposed to ride.

8.

We smote with swords; loud clang'd the plain,
Ere Ulla's* field saw Eysteinn slain.
With gold adorn'd our conquering band
Strode o'er the desolated land;
And swift to meet each helmed head
The pointed flames of arrows sped:
Down many a neck the purple gore
Trickled from the burning sore.

(St. 9, 10, 11, and 12, are omitted.)

13.

We smote with swords; near Hadning's† bay
(Hilda's‡ sport and Hilda's fray)
Every noble warrior held
High in air his charmed shield.
Bucklers brast, and men were slain;
Stoutest skulls were cleft in twain.

* *Ulla's.* The site of Upsala.

† *Hadning's bay.* Perhaps in the Orkneys.

‡ *Hilda,* goddess of war.

'Twas not, I trow, like wooing rest
On gentle maiden's snowy breast.

14.

We smote with swords; the iron sleet
Against the shields with fury beat.
On Northumbria's hostile shore
Heroes welter'd in their gore:
Our foes at early dawn of light
Fled not from the sport of fight,
Hilda's sport, where falchions keen
Bit the helmet's surface sheen.
'Twas not like kissing widow sweet
Reclining in the highest* seat.

(St. 15 and 16 are omitted.)

17.

We smote with swords; at dawn of day
Hundred spearmen gasping lay,

* The old Northern houses consisted of one large habitable room, in which was an elevated stage for persons of rank, at the end opposite the door; like the dais or high table in our College Halls. This was called Aundveige.

Bent beneath the arrowy strife.

Egill reft my son of life;

Too soon my Agnar's youth was spent,

The scabbard*-thorn his bosom rent:

The whiles each warrior's clashing steel

Contentious rung a dreadful peal

On the grey hauberks, Hamder's† pride;

And our bright standards glitter'd wide.

(St. 18th is omitted.)

19.

We smote with swords; at morn I view'd

The ‡fair-hair'd prince by fate subdued;

---

* Slider-thorn, i. e. sword.

† *Hamder.* An ancient warrior, who had been famous for his armour.

‡ Fair-haird, *Harfagran.* Wormius says, that this means Harald Harfager. A more gross error was never committed by a learned antiquarian in the history of his own country; for Harald Harfager, the founder of the Norwegian monarchy, whose reign forms an important æra in the history of that country, died peaceably in his bed, above a hundred years after the time of Regner. Bishop Percy, in his prose translation, has copied the mistake of Wormius.

Gay Aurn, (whose voice the widows loved,
Whose charms the blooming virgins moved)
Fainting, waning to his end.
In Ila's* sound that day he kenn'd
Other sport; 'twas not, I ween,
Like quaffing from the goblet sheen
Fuming wine by maidens pour'd:
Yet, ere he fell, the battle roar'd,
The fulgent orbs in twain were cleft,
And lifeless many-a kemp† was left.

(St. 20th is omitted.)

21.

We smote with swords; the sounding blades,
Ruddy with gold, assail'd our heads.
In after times on ‡Anglesey
Shall mortals trace the bloody fray,
Where Hilda's§ iron vesture rung,
Where kings march'd forth, and spears were flung.

* *Ila's sound.* Between Scotland and that island.
† *Kemp,* soldier.
‡ *Anglesey,* Aungols-ey.
§ *Hilda's vesture,* coats of mail.

Like winged dragons, red with gore
Our lances hiss'd along the shore.

22.

We smote with swords; what fairer fate
Can e'er the sons of men await,
Than long amid the battle's blast
To front the storm, and fall at last?
Who basely shuns the gallant strife
Nathless must lose his dastard life.
When waves of war conflicting roll,
'Tis hard to whet the coward soul
To deeds of worth; the timid heart
Will never act a warrior's part.

23.

We smote with swords; this deem I right,
Youth to youth in sturdy fight
Each his meeting falchion wield;
Thane* to thane should never yield.

---

* Thane, Icelandic *Thegn*.

Such was ay the soldier's boast,
Firm to face the adverse host.
Boldest, who prize fair maidens' love,
Must in the din of battle move.

24.

We smote with swords; I hold, that all
By destiny or live or fall:
Each his certain hour awaits;
Few can 'scape the ruling Fates.
When I scatter'd slaughter wide,
And launch'd my vessels to the tide,
I deem'd not, I, that Ella's blade
Was doom'd at last to bow my head;
But hew'd in every Scottish bay
Fresh banquets for the beasts of prey.

25.

We smote with swords; my parting breath
Rejoices in the pang of death.
Where dwells fair Balder's father dread,
The board is deck'd, the seats are spread!

In *Fiolner's court with costly cheer
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer,
From hollow skulls of warriors slain!
Heroes ne'er in death complain;
To †Vider's hall I will not bear
The dastard words of weak despair.

26.

We smote with swords; their falchions bright
(If well they kenn'd their father's plight,
How ‡venom-fill'd a viperous brood
Have gnaw'd his flesh and lapp'd his blood)
Thy sons would grasp, Aslauga§ dear,
And vengeful wake the battle here.
A mother to my bairns I gave
Of sterling worth, to make them brave.

---

* *Balder's father, Fiolner,* and *Vider;* various names for Odin.

† Vider was Odin's war name. *Vidr at vigom,* I am called Vider in battle.—*Grimnismal, st.* 48.

‡ *Venom-fill'd,* Eitor-fillir.

§ Regner's wife by a second marriage. She was the illegitimate

27.

We smote with swords; cold death is near,
My *rights are passing to my heir.
Grim† stings the adder's forked dart;
The vipers nestle in my heart.
But soon, I wot, shall Vider's ‡wand
Fix'd in Ella's §bosom stand.
My youthful sons with rage will swell,
Listening how their father fell:

---

daughter of Sigurd and Brynhilda, whose history I have related at length; and was born after their first interview. From this it appears that the song of Hroke the black could not all have been written by himself in the 6th century; on account of the mention of Sigurd, whose daughter was living at the end of the 8th.

* Literally, "It is quickly passing away to inheritance."

† *Grim*, Icel. Grimr.

‡ Odin's wand, i. e. a war-spear.

§ "At the east end of the town, (*Rippon, in Yorkshire,*) and not far from the Minster, is a remarkable *tumulus*, called Aila's Hib or Alla's Hill; its shape is conical, the circumference at the base being 900 feet, and the height of the slope about 222 feet. Tradition ascribes the raising of it to the Danes. From its base to the apex, it is said to be composed wholly of sand, gravel, and human bones. Thoresby asserts, that it takes its name from Alla, a Northumbrian king, slain in the year 867." *Works of T. Dayes, p.* 141.

Those gallant boys in peace unbroken
Will never rest, till I be wroken.

28.

We smote with swords! where javelins fly,
Where lances meet, and warriors die,
Fifty times and one I stood
Foremost on the field of blood.
Full young I 'gan distain my sword,
Nor fear'd I force of adverse lord;
Nor deem'd I then, that any arm
By might or guile could work me harm.
Me to their feast the Gods must call;
The brave man wails not o'er his fall.

29.

Cease, my strain! I hear a voice
From realms, where martial souls rejoice.
I hear the Maids* of slaughter call,
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall.

---

* See Part 1st, p. 89 and 119.

High-seated* in their blest abodes
I soon shall quaff the drink of Gods.
The hours of life have glided by;
I fall; but smiling shall I die.

* *I aundveige*; in the high seat, or at the high table.

THE

SONG

OF

HARALD THE HARDY.

From the old Icelandic, printed in Bartholinus, (Antiquitates Danicæ) from Knytlinga Saga.

1805.

My bark around Sicilia sail'd;
Then were we gallant, proud, and strong:
The winged ship by youths impell'd
Skimm'd (as we hoped) the waves along.
My prowess, tried in martial field,
Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
Fierce was the fight on Trondhiem's heath;
I saw her sons to battle move;

Though few, upon that field of death
Long, long, our desperate warriors strove:
Young from my king in battle slain
I parted on that bloody plain.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
And high and furious wax'd the tide;
O'er the deep bark its billows flew.
My prowess, tried in hour of need,
Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
Eight feats I ken; the sportive game,
The war array, the fabrile art;
With fearless breast the waves I stem;
I press the steed; I cast the dart;
O'er ice on slippery skates I glide;
My dexterous oar defies the tide.

With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
Let blooming maid and widow say,
Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls
What deeds we wrought at dawn of day!
What falchions sounded through their halls!
What blood distain'd each weighty spear!
Those feats are famous far and near!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
Where snow-clad Uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew mid bowmen strong;
But now my bark, the peasant's dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
Midst barren isles, where ocean foam'd,
Far from the tread of man I roam'd.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

NOTES

ON

THE SONG OF HARALD THE HARDY.

No relick of Icelandic poetry has been so mangled and misconstrued by its learned translators, as the song of Harald. The Latin, by Bartholinus, is partly erroneous; it was, however, rendered into French uncorrected by Mallet, from whom the bishop of Dromore drew his prose translation. The errors were naturally multiplied in the progress; and at last, in the poetical translation by Mason, (which he informs us was intended as "*a specimen of the first ballad, properly so called, now extant of the Northern tongue;*") not only the ideas of the original, but the historical facts alluded to in the poem, are so completely perverted, that very few vestiges of the Icelandic ballad are discernible in the English.

I have not been fortunate enough to procure a sight of Knytlinga Saga, which is very scarce; the manuscript copy in the British Museum is imperfect, and the chapter, which should contain these stanzas, is wanting.

The first of the stanzas is quoted in Heimskringla. They are said to have been composed by Harald on his return from Constantinople to the court of king Jarisleif in Russia, where he married his daughter, to whom the burthen of the stanzas alludes.

Tho lætr gerdr i Gordum
Gullhrings vid mer skolla.

These lines are carelessly translated by Bartholinus, *Attamen virgo Russica me respuit.* A doubt has arisen, whether the Russian damsel had rejected or accepted his profered love, from the ambiguity of the verb *lætr*, which has the same opposite senses as the English word *to let*, meaning sometimes *to hinder;* the Icelandic word *Tho* has various significations; Peringskiold understands it as I do. Bartholinus's translation is very loose; *gullhrings* is quite overlooked, and *skolla*

not explained. Schöning, in his edition of Heimskringla, translates the lines, *Attamen se præbet puella in Gardis aureis annulis ornata in me frigidam.* It does not appear by that vague interpretation, what he understood *Skolla* to mean. I can meet with the word no where, but in this song, where *Lætr skolla vid* occurs twice; and I am persuaded that the words mean, *consents* or *suffers to kiss.* In the MS. Lexicon in the British museum, *Skolla hliod* is interpreted *gannitus; hliod* means *silence.* The second passage, where the expression occurs in these stanzas, is *Nu læt ek skeidr skolla vid sker*, i. e. *Now I let my ship kiss the breakers;* Bartholinus renders it *crepitare ad saxa in mari latentia.* In that passage *læt* means clearly *permit*, and it seems very improbable, that in the same song, coupled with the same words in another line, it should mean the reverse. I shall briefly relate that part of the history of Harald to which these stanzas allude.

After the death of Saint Olave, king of Norway, in

the battle of Sticklastad (situated in the interior of Norway N. E. of Trondhiem) in 1030, Harald Hardradr his brother on the mother's side, then 15 years old, remained concealed in the hut of a peasant, till the wounds were healed, which he had received in defence of his brother. The next summer he fled to the court of Jarisleif king of Garda-rike, (a part of Russia,) where he was well received, and remained some years. In 1034 he proceded with the followers he had collected to Constantinople, about the time when the empress Zoe raised Michael* the Paphlagonian to the throne and bed of her murdered husband. He was received into her pay, and served in company with Georgius Maniaces, whom the Icelanders call Gyrgir: but Harald soon became the favorite of the army, and he retained the sole command, Georgius having returned

* Snorro calls him Michael Catalactus, which seems to be a confusion between his name Paphlago, and that of his successor Michael Calaphates. Their reigns having been very short, and both emperors associated with Zoe, the confusion was natural.

with the few, who adhered to him. Harald passed over into Africa, where he made considerable conquests; and, subsisting his army by plunder, he continued to remit the surplus of his booty by trusty messengers to the court of Jarisleif. His victories in Africa were followed by an attack upon Sicily, in which he was equally successful. Having spent several years on this expedition, during which he fought 18 pitched battles, and reduced many fortified places, he returned to Constantinople; whence, after securing his stipend from the imperial treasury, he undertook a journey to the Holy Land, where he made magnificent offerings, and bathed in the waters of the Jordan. On his return from that pilgrimage, hearing that his nephew Magnus had obtained the crown of Norway, he solicited his discharge from the imperial service. The profligate empress, who in her sixtieth year espoused a third husband, and associated his concubine to the throne, is supposed to have entertained a lawless passion for Harald; and, though his crime was perhaps only the

desire of quitting Constantinople, he was accused of peculation and imprisoned. On the ensuing night his escape was effected by the assistance of a lady of the first rank, who is said to have had no other motive for his deliverance, than obedience to a vision of Saint Olave. He immediately rejoined his followers, and stormed the imperial palace. According to Snorro he put out the eyes of the emperor Constantine Monomachus on this occasion; but that is a mistake, for Constantine continued to reign after the death of Zoe. Gibbon says that in the tumult, which paved the way for Constantine to the throne, the eyes of the son of Calaphates were extinguished, and Snorro may have easily confounded the names of his son and his successor. Harald left Constantinople in 1044, according to Schöning's table, and Constantine was raised to the imperial throne in 1042, according to Gibbon; those dates will not correspond, if it is supposed that Harald's contest was with Calaphates; on the other hand the fact seems false, as applied to Constantine. Harald carried

off from the palace Maria the niece of Zoe, who had formerly refused to give her to him in marriage; and, having joined his ships, he fled with precipitation towards the Black Sea. Before he proceeded on his voyage, he dismissed the unhappy princess, ordering her to return to Zoe, and tell her how fruitless had been her attempts against him, and the vain refusal of her niece's hand. He then continued his voyage through the Hellespont, and composed sixteen stanzas, of which only the foregoing six are extant, alluding to Ellisif or Elisabeth, daughter of Jarisleif. He proceeded to Holmgard, where he was joyfully received by Jarisleif, and espoused Elisabeth. In 1046, a treaty was concluded between him and Magnus, who dreaded an attack from Harald, by which the latter received an equal share in the crown of Norway, and delivered up to Magnus half the immense wealth, which he had brought from Constantinople. After the death of his nephew, Harald remained sole monarch.

Constantine Manasses says that a popular tumult

took place against Michael Calaphates, in consequence of his confining Zoe; and that he tried to appease it by setting her at liberty; but he adds,

Πλὴν ἀλλὰ πάλιν ἡ πυρὰ
τῆς φάσεως ἀνῆπτο,
Πάλιν ἀνερριπίζετο
κατὰ τῶ καταπτύστου.

and afterwards,

Καὶ κόραις ἐξορύττουσιν
αὐτῶ ταῖς μαχαιρίσι,
Καὶ σὺν αὐτῷ τὸν δυσσεβῆ
πατράδελφον τυφλοῦσι.

According to Michael Glycas, after the tumult, εἰς τὰ ἄδυτα τῶ ναῶ καταδεύγουσιν, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖθεν ἁρπάζονται, καὶ διὰ τῶν τοδῶν ἐν τῇ ἀγορᾷ σύρονται, κατὰ δέ γε τὸ Σίγμα τὼς ὀφθαλμὼς ἐκτυφλοῦνται, ὡς ἡ Θεοδώρα ἐνέσκηψεν. Both these accounts differ from that of Gibbon.

V. 2.—"*Gallant*, &c." Prudir, a more expressive word than *proud*, meaning adorned with every excellence.

V. 3.—"*Winged ship.*" Vængis hiortr; literally a winged hart.

V. 4 and 5.—" My prowess, &c."—

" Vætti ec minnr at motti
Mani enn thinnig nenna."

These lines appear to me to have been quite misunderstood; I translate them thus. *Spero memor in conventû Virgini porrò ad eum modum operam præbere.* Nenna is an amatory verb. In *Scirnis for*, where an assignation is made between Gerda and Freyr, the word occurs; Nenna Niardar syni, *operam dare* Niordi nato. *Vætti ec*, I expect. " Sá er vid vættom af vegi löngom, Quem expectavimus de longâ viâ. *Hym. Qv.* 11.—*At nenna*, spontaneam alacritatem habere ad aliquam rem peragendam. *Scirn. f.* 38. 6.—*Mani*, dative from *man*, a maid; Manna glaum mani, hominum gaudia virgini. *Ib.* 34. *Mot*, conventus. *Minnr*, or *minnugr*, mindful. Schöning translates it *minus*; but the comparative, *less*, would be *minne* masc. or fem. *minna* neut. nor could it take an *r*, if used adverbially.

V. 13. "*My king.*" His brother Saint Olave, killed in the battle of Sticklastad against Thorer Hund, whose army consisted chiefly of the inhabitants of Trondhiem. "Hafa Threndor hier mann mug mestann. *Olaf. Helges S. c.* 231. Harald was wounded in supporting his brother, and fled the country. The English translators from ignorance of the history, as well as the language, have made Harald victorious, and state that he slew a king.

V. 17. "*The pump we plied.*" Josum ver svanna. —Ec eis, *haurio ;* præterit. sing. joos.—I take svanna to be a pump, upon the authority of Bartholinus.

V. 20. "*Billows.*" In Bartholinus it is printed *Hum*, which would be *the twilight ;* it should be *humr*, the sea.

V. 25 and 26. "*Eight feats, &c.*"—

Ithrottir kann ek atta
Ygs fet ek lid at smida
Færr ek er hvast a hesti.

Bartholinus translates the second line carelessly, *Strenuè dimicare audeo*, leaving some of the words

uninterpreted; and thus in the detail he and the other translators, who have followed him, make out only six exercises; instead of eight, as stated in the first line. *Ek fet*, is I place firmly or fortify. M. S. Lex. *Lid*, an army. *At smida*, to forge; whence our word *smith*. *Færr*, strong; fortis, *Hickesius*. *Ek er hvast a hesti*, I am keen on horseback. There should therefore be commas after *lid* and *færr*. I am unacquainted with the word *ygs*; but *ygge* is pinna, MS. Lex. and I imagine that the word here stands by itself, meaning *at ninepins*, or some game of that sort; which, with the addition of the forge, would make up the eight exercises. In a passage quoted by Bartholinus, p. 420. Regnvaldus Kolson boasts of nine exercises, which are chess, runes or charms, reading, *forging*, skating, shooting, rowing, playing on the harp, and composing verses.

V. 33. "*Maid and widow.*" Perhaps alluding to Zoe and her niece Maria.

V. 34. "*Byzantium's southern walls.*" Literally,

the city in the South. I have ventured to add the name Byzantium.

V. 41. "*Uplands.*" Part of Sweden and Norway so called, as we say The Highlands, in Scotland.

As my version differs very widely from that of Mason, I think it right to subjoin a literal prose translation together with the original lines, that the reader may judge how far it is faithful.

Sneid fyrir Sikiley vida	The ship sailed wide round Sicily.
Sud; varum tha prudir.	Then we were magnificent. The
Brunn skreid vel til vanar	brown winged stag (i. e. ship) glid-
Vengis hiortr und drengium.	ed well according to our hopes un-
Vætti ek minnr at motti	der the youths. Mindful I hope in
Mani enn thinnig nenna.	the meeting to be equally active in
Tho *lætr gerdr i Gordum	love to the virgin. Hence the maid
Gullhrings vid mer skolla.	of the gold ring in Russia consents
	to embrace me.
Fund var thess, at Thrændir	Such was the conflict, that the men

* *Lætr* is either *permits*, or *hinders*. Coupled with a passive participle or an infinitive it is an auxiliary, and adds nothing to the sense but its tense; as *lætr sodinn*, for *sydr*, he boils. If *lætr* is taken in the negative sense, the translation will be, *But the maid of the gold ring in Russia refuses to embrace me.*

Their hofdu lid meirra;
Vard su er ver ofgiordum
Vist errilig snerra:
Skildumz ungr vid ungan
Allvalld i styr fallinn.
Tho, &c.

of Trondhiem, they had the largest host. That fight, which we executed, was certainly terrible. Young I was separated from the young king fallen in stour, &c.

Senn josum ver svanna
Sextan, tha er brim vexti,
(Dreif a hladna hufa
Humr) i fiorum rumum.
Vætti ek minnr at motti
Mani enn thinnig nenna.
Tho, &c.

Together sixteen we worked the pump, when the tide waxed, (the sea rushed into the laden planks) on four benches. Mindful I hope in the meeting to be equally active in love to the virgin, &c.

Ithrottir kann ek atta.
Ygs, fet ek lid, at smida
Færr, er ek hvast a hesti;
Hefik sund numit stundum;
Skrida kann ek a skidum;
Skyt ek oc ræk sva at nytir;
Tho, &c.

I ken eight exercises. Ninepins; *(Quære.)*——I can array an army; strong in working at the forge; I am keen on horseback; I have sometimes taken the sound; *(as we say, to take the water;)* I can slide on skates; I shoot and row, so as to be useful. &c.

Enn munat eckia....	But nor widow nor young maid may
Ung ne mær at værim,	*(deny*)* that we were (where we
Thar er giordum tsvip sverdum,	made the clash of swords) south-
Sudr i borg um morgin.	ward in the city at morning. We
Ruddumz um med oddi;	were reddened round with weapons.
Eru merki thar verka.	Those works are notorious. &c.
Tho, &c.	
Fæddr var ek, thar alma	I was born, where the Uplanders
Upplendingar bendu;	bend the bow; now I let my war-
Nu læt ek vid sker skolla	ship, hated by the countrymen,
Skeidr bumonnum leidar.	kiss the breakers. Wide at a dis-
Vitt hefi ek sizt ytum	tance from men have I frequented
Eygard skotid bardi.	the abode of islands *(i. e. the sea)*
Tho, &c.	with my ship. &c.

* Bartholinus inserts *negabit* in his translation; a word is wanting not only to the sense, but to the metre, of the first line in this stanza.

† "Hvoriar eru bestar, ef berias skall,
Heiller at *sverda svipan?*
Quænam sunt optima, si pugnandum est, Consilia cum *gladiorum collisione.*"—Quoted from the unpublished Edda in *Norna Gesta Saga.*

THE

LAMENTATION OF STARKADER.

From the old Icelandic, printed in Bartholinus Ant. Dan. p. 391. *and in Biörner's Nordiska Kämpa Dater.*

1803.

That chief I follow'd, whom I kenn'd
  Mightiest in battle's strife;
Those were the happiest fairest days
  Of all my varied life:

Before, (as angry fate decreed)
  Where evil spirits led,
For the last time in joyful trim
  To Hordaland I sped.

There, by each hateful curse pursued,
  To work a deed of shame;
And (such, alas! my bitter lot)
  To gain a traitor's name.

Vikar my king (stout Geirthiof's bane
And famed in deadly stour)
Aloft, sad victim to the Gods,
I hung in evil hour.

My weapon to the chieftain's heart
Thrust deep the deadly blow;
Of all the works, my hand hath wrought,
This caused me keenest woe.

Thence hapless have I wander'd on
A wild ill-fated road;
Abhorr'd of every Hordian boor,
And bent by sorrow's load:

Without or wealth to soothe my cares,
Or joy of honest fame;
No king to guide my pathless way,
No thought, but woe and shame.

NOTES

ON

THE LAMENTATION OF STARKADER.

These ancient lines are said to have been composed by Starkader himself. He was a warrior of great reputation, and by his assistance the dominion of Vikar was established over a great part of Norway. The following extraordinary account of the death of Vikar, which took place in 390, is given in the Saga af Gautreki oc Hrolfi, printed at Upsala in 1664, with a Swedish translation by Verelius.

"Starkader accompanied king Vikar to Hordaland; he was the most distinguished warrior in the army, and dearest to the king. The wind proving boisterous and unfavourable, after the oracles had been consulted, it was deemed, that Odin required a man, drawn by lot

from the army, to be hanged as a sacrifice; the lot fell upon Vikar, which produced great sorrow amongst his followers. A little before midnight Starkader was awakened by his foster-father Hrosharsgrani, who bade him rise and follow him. They took a small boat, and rowed to an island; there went they up into the woods, and found a spot, from which the trees had been cleared. Eleven men sat there upon stools, and a twelfth seat was unoccupied. They advanced into the assembly, and Hrosharsgrani seated himself in the vacant place. They all saluted Odin, who said, that the judges should decide the fate of Starkader. Thor began, and said. "Alfr, father to Starkader's mother, gave his daughter to a houndlike Jotun, rather than to Thor the God. And on this account I decree, that Starkader shall have neither son nor daughter, and shall so end his life." Odin said. "I decree, that he shall live three ages o men." Thor said. "He shall perform a foul action in each." Odin said. "I decree, that he shall have the best of weapons and armour."

Thor said. "I decree, that he shall possess neither land nor territory." Odin said. "I decree, that he shall be rich in chattels." Thor said. "I ordain, that he shall never think his wealth sufficient." Odin said. "I give him victory and skill in every combat." Thor said. "I condemn him to be wounded in every encounter." Odin said. "I give him ready skill in poetry, so that he may versify as fast as speak." Thor said. "He shall never remember, what he hath composed." Odin said. "I decree, that he shall be highly esteemed by the most illustrious and the best of mankind." Thor said. "He shall be hated by the people." The judges then confirmed all that had been said concerning Starkader, and the assembly was thus dissolved. Hrosharsgrani and Starkader returned to their boat; then said Hrosharsgrani; "Now, foster-son, thou shouldst repay the assistance, which I have afforded thee." "Well," replied Starkader. "Then shalt thou incontinently send me king Vikar," (said Hrosharsgrani) "and I will lay the scheme for this."

Starkader assented. Hrosharsgrani took a weapon in his hand, and said, that it should appear like a reed. Then returned they to the army, and it was already daybreak. The next morning the king's council assembled to deliberate; they were all of opinion, that some show of sacrifice should be made, and Starkader published their decision. A fir tree stood near them, and a stem was lying by it; from the lower part of the fir grew a slender twig, which reached up to the limbs of the tree. The servants were then preparing meat, and a calf was cut up and opened. Starkader took the calf's intestine; and, mounting the stem, he bent down the slender twig, and tied the calf's intestine to it. Then said Starkader to the king; "Now is there a gibbet prepared for thee, king; and it does not seem very dangerous. Now come thou here, that I may lay the snare round thy throat." The king said, "If this does not prove more dangerous, than it seems to me, I expect, that it will not hurt me; but, if it be otherwise, fortune must decide what shall happen." Then

he mounted, and Starkader layed the noose round his throat, and descended from the stem. Starkader then thrust the reed against the king, and said; "Now I give thee to Odin." He then loosed the twig of the fir; the reed was changed into a spear, and pierced the king; the stem slipped from under his foot, and the calf's intestine was turned into a strong halter, and the twig sprung up, and raised the king to the branches; and there he died."

V. 6. *Enn thvi flaugd ollu;* the evil spirits were the cause of my going there.—Flaugd is the plural of flagd, a monster, or evil genius. There is a similar expression in the dying song of Ingimar of Ask in Orkneyinga Saga, p. 172.

"Flaugd hauttu mic til Fyrileifar;
Æ var ec úfuss til orosto;
Mic bittu örfar af álmboga;
Mun ec aldrigi á Ask koma."

i. e. "The evil spirits excited me to go to Fyrileif; I was always disinclined to war; the arrows from the bow sting me; I must never return to Ask."

V. 8. *Hordaland* was the old name for a part of Norway in the neighbourhood of Hardanger.

V. 12. *Nidings nafn;* an infamous name.—Nidings verk is an infamous deed; Nidingr, a man branded with infamy for such a deed. See Bartholinus, (1. 7.) who has expatiated on this subject, and stated the different actions, which were reckoned infamous.

V. 13. *Geirthiofs bana;* the slayer of Geirthiof.—Herthiof murdered Halfdan the father of Vikar, and was afterwards defeated and slain by Vikar with the assistance of Starkader. The same person is probably here intended by Geirthiof.

GRYMUR AND HIALMAR.

From the old Icelandic in the Rhyme of Karl and Grymur.

1805.

In the preceding part of this rhyme, Grymur, son of a valiant earl, asks for the hand of Ingegerda, daughter of Karl, king of Sweden; and she is promised to him, on condition that he shall first overthrow Hialmar, son of Harek, king of Biarmaland. Grymur sails in quest of Hialmar, whom he finds proceeding towards Sweden, with the intention of wooing the same Ingegerda.

Grymur stands on Gothic land;
Wolves shall lick the bloody strand,
If the sturdy warriors fight
Proudly for the virgin bright.
On the shore each eye was bent;
The land was deck'd with many a tent;
Bright the host with princely show;
Hialmar ruled that host, I trow.
Loud he cried, "Ye strangers free,
Whose yon fleet, that stems the sea?"

Forth stepp'd, and named him, Grymur strong;
" Thee have I sought this summer long."—
" Now welcome, Grymur! good thy fare,
Health and honor be thy share!
Gold, and wine of fairest hue,
Will I give thee, not untrue."—
" I take not, I, thy bidding fair;
This heart is bent on savage war.
Gird thee, gird thee, for the fight!
We must feed the wolves to night!"—
" Rather be our thoughts of peace;"
(Hialmar spoke with courteous phrase)
" Let us dwell, like brothers sworn,
Join'd in sweet friendship night and morn!
Wake we not the strife of shields!
Well this arm the falchion wields,
But the lovely virgin's hand
Now I woo from Swedish land."
Fierce and furious wax'd the knight;
Loud he cried with wounded spite,

" Bowne* thee quick to smite my shield;
Shrink not from the martial field!"—
" Costly rings I give to thee
With my sister fair to see,
Biarmaland and princely sway,
So we feed not birds of prey."—
" I thy sister will not see;
Bid not thou such gifts to me!
Cowards linger, slow from fear;
This the noble maid will hear."
Hialmar cries with passion sore,
" Youth, I scorn to soothe thee more!
Stand the fight; on bucklers sheen
Prove we strait our weapons keen!"
He has ta'en his hauberk white,
Trusty blade, and helmet bright;
And his buckler gleams afar;
Stouter ne'er was held in war.

---

* *Bowne*, make ready.

First by lot must Grymur smite;
Arm'd he was to stir the fight.
He clove the buckler with his brand,
And struck to ground Hialmar's hand.
But never flinch'd that warrior true,
Nor deign'd, tho' maim'd, for peace to sue.
His glaive, uprais'd with dauntless main,
Split Grymur's helm and mail in twain.
Streaming flow'd apace the gore;
The sharp-edged sword had smote him sore:
His breast and entrails felt the wound,
And the blade shiver'd on the ground.
Hialmar cried, "The stroke is light;
My trusty falchion fail'd to bite.
Had both mine arms discharged the blow,
Warrior, thou hadst now been low."
Grymur fierce, with either hand,
Reckless upheav'd his deadly brand;
He smote the helm; his weapon's point
Cleft head and brain with dreadful dint.

Clang'd in the steel the ringing sword;
The host beheld their prostrate lord.
Nor long the fainting Grymur stood,
For gushing well'd the stream of blood.
Hialmar good lies buried there;
Grymur home his soldiers bare.
As he near'd the Swedish ground,
Swell'd apace his burning wound;
Strength and life began to fail:
The king, the maiden, heard the tale.
Whence, but from her, the leech's aid?
And who, but Grymur, claim'd the maid?
  Wassail* was kept in the monarch's hall,
And proudly dight were the courtiers all.
Each heart was brisk, as the wine did flow;
No goblet of water was pour'd, I trow.
The nuptial feast was blithe and gay;
The gifts of the king were large that day:

---

* *Weitzla*, Icelandic; a banquet, or carousal.

Bracelet, or necklace, or ring of gold,
Must every trusty liegeman hold.
The virgin bless'd the youth of her choice,
And bridegroom and bride did both rejoice.

NOTES

ON

GRYMUR AND HIALMAR.

THESE lines are translated from a part of the *Rimur af Karl og Grym Suia kongum, og af Hialmar Hareks suni a Biarmalande*, which was published by Biörner with a very loose translation. Indeed it is rather a summary of the contents, than a translation; for he has moulded many Icelandic sentences into one Latin period, and given the whole a different cast. I have rendered it line for line, and nearly in the metre of the original, which has however a triple alliteration to each couplet, as well as rhyme. It may be sufficient to quote the four first lines of the Icelandic.

Grymur kiemur a Gautalad,
Giefast mun vargi nockr brad,
Ef thar stryda sterker nu
Stoltar menn fyrer biarta fru.

The Biarmians did not speak the Northern language, and were probably Finns or Laplanders. In king Alfred's Periplus it is stated, that their language was like that of birds.

V. 49. "*First by lot, &c.*"—It was an old custom amongst the Northern nations to fight their duels with alternate blows. The striker generally wielded his sword in both hands, and discharged the blow on his antagonist, who stood firm to receive it, under the protection of his shield. The first stroke was not always however decided by lot. See the first duel between Gunlaug and Rafen in part 1st. p. 68. and that of Angrym and Svafurlami, p. 92.

V. 87. "*Bracelet, &c.*"—See the note on the word *Jewels* in part 1st. p. 30.

NOTE

ON

THE DISCOVERY OF ICELAND.

In the former part, p. 40, I mentioned that at the commencement of the reign of Harald Harfager, Iceland was uninhabited.

Angrim Jonas, in his Crymogæa and Specimen Historicum, has pointed out the absurdity of imagining, that Iceland was the Thule of the ancients. Unless my memory deceives me, that mistaken notion originated with Adam of Bremen. It appears most probable, that Thule was a part of Norway, which still bears the name of Thyle-mark, where the traces of Phœnician commerce are visible; where great mines had been dug, and forests felled, at a period so early, that no account of it appears in the old histories; and at a time when the rude and ignorant natives could

not easily have performed works of such magnitude. It is certain, that Iceland was completely covered with *wood in the ninth century, when it was first discovered; nor were any vestiges of culture or inhabitants to be seen throughout the island, excepting a few crosses and trifling utensils, which had been left by Irish fishermen, who occasionally touched there, and were called Papæ, on account of their religion, by the first Norwegian settlers. Hence it is evident, that Iceland could not have been that Thule, with which the Phœnicians had formerly had intercourse and trade.

Iceland was first discovered by †Naddod, a Norwegian pirate, who had established himself in the Ferroe isles. These islands had been frequented by the Norwegians, who had turned out sheep upon them, for the purpose of getting fresh provisions, whenever

* With willows according to Are Froda, the old Icelandic historian, who was born in 1068, c. 2. p. 10; and with birch according to Angrim Jonas, who wrote in 1609. p. 21. See Landnama, part 1st. c. 1. p. 3.

† Called Naddoccus by Angrim Jonas.

they had occasion to touch there, and on that account they were called Fœr-öe or sheep-islands; from the old word *fær*, (in Danish *faar*) which was used for sheep. One of the first settlers in these islands was Grim Camban, a Norwegian, who *was worshipped after his death in Iceland.

About the year 861, the pirate Naddod being overtaken by a violent storm between Norway and Ferroe, was driven upon the eastern coast of Iceland into a bay, which is now called Austfiord, where he could not discover the smallest trace of habitation. A heavy fall of snow, which happened just before his departure in autumn, and covered all the high country, induced him to give the island the name of Sneeland, *i. e. snowland.* Three years after the first discovery of this country, Gardar, a Suede by birth, sailing through Petland fiord, between Scotland and the Orkeneys, was also driven by a storm to the eastern coast of Ice-

* See Landnama, part 1st. c. 14. p 15.

land, and landed near the promontory called Austur-horn in Skialfanda bay, where he passed the winter. Another small vessel was driven into a neighbouring bay just before the departure of Gardar; from which it may be conjectured, that, although we have no such accounts, this island must have been visited before under stress of weather at different times by the Norwegians, as well as Irish, ships; though little regarded, as a barren and distant land. The name of Sneeland was changed for Gardars-holm, by which the island was called in honor of its second accidental visitor.—The reports and exaggerated description of Gardar, excited Flokka, a noted pirate of Rogaland, in Norway, distinguished by birth and valor, to sail in quest of this new country. With this view he constructed a vessel; and, to assist him in directing his course, he resolved on the curious expedient of carrying with him some crows, from which circumstance he afterwards was called *Rafn-Flokka. It appears that he had

* In Danish Ravn, a crow.

formed an intention of settling in the island, as he carried his daughters with him, which he would probably not have done, if his expedition had been for the usual purpose of piracy. One of them called Geirhilda, according to Angrim Jonas, was accidentally drowned at Shetland, in a lake, which afterwards bore her name; and the other was married to a man of distinction in Ferroe, where Flokka touched in the course of his voyage. Having sailed hence into the wide sea, he loosed one of his birds, which rising to a considerable height, directed its flight to the land which they had quitted; from which he concluded, that he still was nearer to that, than to any other coast. Some time after a second crow was loosed, which having risen to an excessive height, without being able (as it was supposed) to discover land, returned on board the vessel. Flokka steered a steady course according to the best conjecture, till the third crow, having towered like the former, took a direct flight, which served him as a guidance to the eastern shores of

Iceland. He navigated completely round the island, and from the accumulation of ice, which floated into the Northern bays in the spring, he gave the country the name of Iceland, which it has ever since retained. The severity of the winter had destroyed all his tame animals, and on this account, at the close of summer, he sailed for Norway; but a violent squall separated his boat from the ship, and drove them back to Iceland, where he was forced to pass a second winter, living chiefly upon fish, with which the bays abounded. He was accompanied in this expedition by a Scotchman called Faxa, whose name was given to a great bay on the south western coast. It appears, that the melancholy winters, he passed there, had cooled the ardor of Flokka, for on his return to Norway he gave no flattering description of the country, he had quitted; and the island remained uninhabited till about the year 874, when the first colony was there established by Ingiolf and Hiorleif, two distinguished Norwegian sea-rovers from Fiordafylke.

The names of all the early settlers in Iceland, and the spots which they occupied, were carefully recorded; and the Icelanders of the present day can trace their pedigrees up to the ninth century with tolerable certainty.

THE END.

JOYCE GOLD, PRINTER, SHOE-LANE.

ERRATA.

P. 61. l. 17. *after* mot, *insert* a meeting.

In the first Part of Select Icelandic Poetry, &c.

P. v. *for* Til Her Anker, *read* Til Herr Carsten Anker, Directör for det Danske Asiatiske Compagnie i Kiöbenhavn.

— xi. l. 2. *for* excellant *read* excellent.

— 42. l. 9. *for* Einar *read* Eric

— 83. l. 11. *for* gaugur *read* gangur

— 118. l. 19. *for* Baldur *read* Helgi

— 119. l. 5. *for* abode *read* sanctuary.

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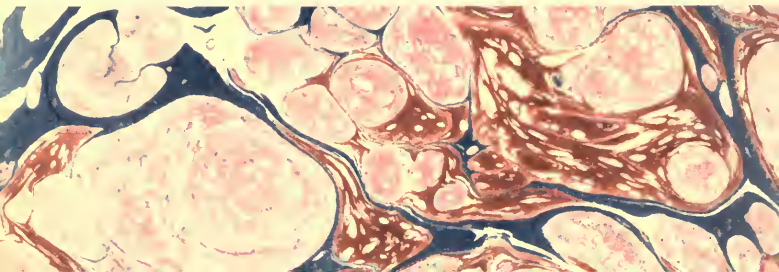

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